

# TIMOLEON:

O R,

## The Revolution.

### Tragi-Comedy.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. Oake, for John Sturton, at the Post-Office at the *Black Swan* in *St. Dunstons*, 1697.

PLAYS newly Published, 1697.

*Love's Jest, a Comedy*: By Mr. *Shadwell*. *The Roman Bride, a Tragedy*. *The Old Bachelor, a Comedy*: By Mr. *Congreve*. *The Woman's Wit: or, The Lady in Fashion*: By Mr. *Gilbert*. All Printed for J. Sturton.

# Persons Represented.

## M E N.

*Timoleon.*

*Andronicus* and } Noble-men of Sicily and Offi-

*Ismenes,* } cers in the Army.

*Pharax,* Governor of *Syracuse.*

*Dipbilus,* his Confident.

*Melantius* and } Two Gentlemen of *Syracuse.*

*Philander,*

*Lord Alphonso,* a Courtier.

*Dimius,* his Favourite.

*Francisco,* his Gentleman.

*Bernardo,* his Porter.

*Jacamo* and } Two Plebeians.

*Pedro,*

A Priest.

## W O M E N.

*Leonora,* Daughter to the Tyrant *Dionysius.*

*Charmin* and } her Women.

*Flavia,*

*Celinda,* Wife to *Lord Alphonso.*

*Nell,* Wife to *Pedro.*

Mob, Officers, Servants and Attendants, &c.



## To his Friend J. F.

When I write to a Person, that has neither Place nor Preferment, nor is ever like to have, nor possibly would ever accept of any, I presume I shall not be thought guilty of Flattery, the common Subject of Dedications; the good Qualities you possess, are so entirely your own, that they are not to be communicated to another, and tho' I believe you to be Master of as many as ever Nature bestowed upon one Man, yet I dare promise you will be subject to few Mens envy.

Our Times are sick of that Disease which *Machiavel*, in his Discourses on *Livy*, seems to charge the Fools of his time with, who thought Vertue a thing inseparable from Riches; but he shews them their Folly, in telling them the Story of the great Dictator, *Cincinnatus*, who was found at his Plow, when none but himself was able to save the sinking Common-wealth.

If we look for Vertue in great Place and Employment, we may look twice before we find it; he cannot take those base and servile ways that are necessary towards the attaining 'em; he loves to speak Truth, a mortal Enemy to Preferment; besides, he is Modest, another Impediment almost as great as Truth itself.

If ever one Age was more famous than another for Vertue, or Corruption it may be safely said, ours is for the latter. Was the Publick ever made a greater Prostitute to serve the Lusts of Private Men? But 'tis not safe to follow Truth too near the Heels, for fear (as Sir *Walter Raleigh* says) of having our Teeth struck out.

We never had so many Patriots and so few Defenders of our Country as now, Preferment and loss of Preferment shall make Men talk and act different ways, who would still be thought zealous Patriots and always in the right; and those who would have fold us into Bondage but t'other day, do now cry up nothing but liberty; so that it seems they are content we should be free, unless they can have the privilege of making us Slaves.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Certainly Modesty had never fewer Companions than now adays; those who have been convicted of notorious Crimes, like *Solomon's* Adulteress, can wipe their Mouths, and say, They have done nothing amiss. But, thank Heaven, 'tis an indulgent Age we live in; we have learn'd Forgiveness (if we practice nothing else out of the Bible) but 'tis not without good cause; for such is human frailty, we know not whose turn it may be next to stand in need of it.

I will not say, but Providence does often bring good out of evil, and bad Men may, peradventure, have been instrumental in doing Service to their Country; but he that depends on such Persons, may as well expect Justice where the Scales are held in one Hand and a Bribe in the other.

Some Men are of opinion, that a Court ought to be *Linsley-woolsey*; that is to say, not made up of one sort of Men alone; if this Maxim be follow'd, I am sure the Honest must come by the worst; for if they are not infected by those they keep company with, they will run a great hazard of being swallow'd up by them. *Pharaoh's* ill-favour'd Kine devour'd the well-favour'd, and yet look'd nothing the better; nor must Honesty pretend to match with Vice, unless it has the odds on its side. Rewards and Punishments are some of the most essential parts of Government, and I doubt not but he that is great, like the First *Cæsar* in War, will be no less than the Second in Peace; then may we expect to see happy Days, when our *Augustus* shall come from giving Peace to the World, to distribute the Blessings of Peace on these Kingdoms.

I had almost forgot to say something of the following Play; but I shall not be very solicitous how 'tis receiv'd, being satisfied there's nothing in it can shock or disturb an honest Man. I shall only say you have a more than ordinary right to it; for as *Timoleon* was a Lover of Liberty, so some of his Relations were Friends to Arbitrary Power; however, as the Memory of *Timoleon* is at this day precious to all honest Men; to all such, your's will be no less: Therefore, not to be farther troublesome, I conclude,

Your faithful Friend

and humble Servant:

THE

# THE PREFACE.

**T**HIS they tell us, the first Design of Plays (like that of Preaching) was to reform Mankind, yet when we see so little Virtue, or indeed Morality, brought upon the Stage, we may justly suspect whether or no there was ever so good an Intention; however, thus far both Poets and Priests seem to agree, for as the one, by exposing their dull Unprofitable Plays, would rouse the Audience of their Apathy; so the other, by their Mysterious Doctrines, would deprive Men of their Understandings: But I have nothing to do here with Priests, and shall therefore consider how far our Poets only have contributed towards the degrading Mens Manners, I need not mention their particular Plays, when we can scarce find one of late that is not stuff'd with impudent Obscenity, if not Blasphemy, our Authors caring not how many modest Persons they offend, so they can but get the Claps and Applause of the Rascality: Yet, for palliating the Matter, they are pleas'd to tell us, the Age will bear nothing better. I know not what Company these Gentlemen do keep; but this I am well assured of, nothing can be more nauseous to the Ears of the better sort, than Fulsom Rebelliousness; Vice, with a bare-fac'd Impudence, could never render herself agreeable, unless it were to the very worst and most scandalous part of Human-kind; who, abandoning Modesty, have shaken Hands with all Good-manners: If these be the Persons our Poets seek to please, I will not say they take wrong Methods; but if they have any higher design, be it known to 'em, Vice will not appear acceptable, unless she be habited in a better Garment than they have couch'd a to cloath her in. 'Tis a thing to be wonder'd at, how Men, pretenders to Sense, should go about to promote Profaneness and Irreligion, when all serious thinking Men must needs tremble under the fatal Consequences of it. The Roman Stage was never so debauch'd, as at the time of the loss of their Liberty, which presently follow'd upon the loss of their Virtue and Modesty; which

## The PREFACE.

which confirms the Maxim, That the Way to Enslave a People to a Foreign or Domestick Foe, is to Debauch their Principles and Corrupt their Manners: Which our late Reigns have sufficiently shewn. Another Error our Poets are usually guilty of, is, the ill choice they make of the Subject, and the Meanness of the Characters they represent; which latter are usually so dull and insipid, that they are capable neither to instruct nor please; and so it often happens, that the Play begins and ends without either Design or Moral. Our Poets, instead of attacking Vice where it is, have sought to find it where 'tis not; and hence it comes to pass, that Frugality and Good-husbandry in the Citizen (the strong Legatures of the Common-wealth) and Vertue in the Wife or Daughters, are the chief Subjects of Ridicule, which the ingenious Dr. Blackmore has well taken notice of, in his Preface to Prince Arthur. So that upon the whole matter, if our Modern Plays have any Adoral, 'tis to recommend Extravagance to Men, Lewdness to Women, and Disobedience to Children.

And now, having found these Faults in the Works of other Men, 'tis so be hop'd they are not to be met with in my own: I think I can say thus much, That the most modest Marrow will not find a Line here which she shall have occasion to blush at. And, as to the Characters of Vice, if our Critics shall say, Those Vices were not known at the Time and Place when and where the Scene is laid; I shall only make answer, If that be true, I wish the present Age was likewise as great a Stranger to 'em. However, as no particular Man's Character is meant, so, I think, he must be very particular, who takes any upon himself. As to the Characters of Vertue, I must acknowledge, I never read the Life of any Person, whose History I was better pleas'd with, than that of Timoleon: The Deboners of Tyranny, and the Restorers of Liberty, are the great Benefactors of Mankind; whose Memories will ever appear Bright and Glorious, notwithstanding all the Aspersions that Malice and Ingratitude can cast on them. Whoever will read the Life of Timoleon, out of Plutarch, may see how careful I have been to follow the History, having taken no more liberty than what is always allow'd in abridging this kind. And here give me leave to draw something of a Parallel, between this ancient Hero, and one of our days: Timoleon landed in Sicily with a very inconsiderable Force, but deliver'd the Sicilians, and drove out the Tyrant. No less Success had our Deliverer here with an unequal Power; Timoleon met with as great Difficulties in his Passage, by reason of the Carthagenian Fleet, as the Prince of Orange did by Storms: Timoleon gain'd a most glorious Victory over the Carthagenians, as the Battle of Crimethus: Nor was the

Battle



## The PREFACE.

*Battel of the Boyn of less Renown to King William. In short, Timoleon rescu'd the People of Sicily from Tyranny and Arbitrary Power, and restor'd them to their former Liberties: But here the Comparison falls short, For if he that sav'd one Island deserv'd Praise, what Honours shall we give to him, who sav'd not only that Kingdom, but is the great Asserter of the Liberties of all Europe. In a word, They both seem'd to be Persons immediately sent from Heaven for the General Good: there were happy Omens and Prodiges attended them both at their beginnings; for, as the Coronet that fell on Timoleon's Head, in Apollo's Temple, did portend his good Success, so his promising was the Crown that hung over King William, in the City of Orange. They were both to have been assassinated by inhuman Villains, who seem'd to have been encourg'd by the same sons of Hell: Timoleon's Enemies were to have Dispatch'd him in the Temple, and ours were to be cut off by those who serve at the Altar: But Providence, in a wonderful manner, overthrew their Damnable Undertakings. Last of all, Norwithstanding all the good Deeds of Timoleon, there was yet a slanderous Damocletus, that had the baseness to accuse him; (at which he made answer, That he thanked the Gods, that the Sicilians now enjoy'd that Liberty of Speech he had so often pray'd for.) So, 'tis to be fear'd, there are those Sons of Belial amongst us too, that dare blaspheme God and the King.*

*Thus have I freely deliver'd my Thoughts, as an English-man; and now, instead of a Begging-Dedication, I shall recommend what follows to such honest English-men who are Friends to Truth and Lovers of their Country's Liberty; who, I am sure, will have good Nature enough to over-look small Faults: To such I shall always approve myself an*

Humble Servant:

P R O

# PROLOGUE.

*The Plague of Scribbling's grown so rife of late,  
 The Player and Poet share one common Fate;  
 The Poet's damn'd off by the Second Day,  
 And we are ruin'd by the One-Acting Play.  
 If such a stupid, senseless Wretch there be,  
 Whom Fate has doom'd to so lasting Misery,  
 Let him be Poet or a Player be:  
 We tick our Brains to find our Author's Sense,  
 Great is our Labour, vast is our Expence;  
 And when at length we come to share our Gains,  
 We find we are bought but Labour for our Pains.  
 The crafty Church-man, a true Politick,  
 Learns not an Oath, but for a Bishoprick.  
 The Lawyer takes, with tender Conscience,  
 A Hundred Pounds, to plead his Friend's Defence.  
 The griping Usurer his Coffer fills,  
 Instead of Gold, with Tallies and Bank-bills.  
 Starving the Soldier, whilst he buys his Pay,  
 Deceiving Credit, only that he may,  
 Restore to Mortal what he has damn'd to Day.  
 Thus ev'ry Province thrives with little Toil,  
 Unless it be the Muset barren Soil:  
 The all the World enjoy a wish'd-for Peace,  
 The Muset Seat must never hope for Ease:  
 Criticks, like Insects, spring up ev'ry Day;  
 If they can't Judge, yet they can Damn a Play:  
 Not those from Tom's alone, but every Cit,  
 With scr'd-up Face, cries, Damme, where's the Wit?  
 From weighing Plums and Sugar, has pretence  
 To hold the Scales and Balances of Sense.  
 To Criticks Courts, our Author does demur,  
 And will appeal unto a higher Bar:  
 Banish the Jacobite and Critick hence,  
 And let him stand, or fall, by Men of Sense.*

T I M O.

# TIMOLEON:

OR

## The Revolution.

### ACT I. SCENE I. A Camp.

*The Curtain draws up, and discovers Timoleon, Andromachus, Ismenes, Pharaoh, and others, with the Army behind them: They come forward, with the Noise of Trumpets and Kettle-drums.*

*Timo.* **T**HE mighty Deeds your Conquering Arms  
have shown;

**Have pull'd the haughty Tyrant from his  
Throne.**

Horror and Slaughter shall no more affright

Your Minds by Day, nor break your Peace at Night:

Once more shall Sicily her lost Freedom see,

And the whole Isle enjoy her Liberty.

*Isme.* Nor Hercules, nor Jove could on his Throne

More God-like, or more gracious Acts have done,

Than you, who sav'd us from the Tyrant's Rage,

When all the Noblest Blood could not his Lust assuage.

B

*Andro*

2 TIMOLEON: or,

*Andro.* Since thus the Tyrant you have overthrown,  
Accept, Great Sir! to wear his forfeit Crown:

To Him we all with one Consent will bow,  
To whom our Lives and Freedoms we do owe.

*Timo.* Witness, ye Gods! when I from *Corinth* came,  
I had no Thought, nor least Design to Reign;  
All my Ambition was to set you free,  
And break the Slavish Yoke of Tyranny:  
When that is done, your Freedom I'll restore,  
That you may never dread a Tyrant more.

*Ifme.* Should you, Great Sir! our humble Suit deny,  
Small were our Gains from your late Victory;  
'Tis not enough you've set us in the Storm,  
Unless you steer the Bark, and keep her safe from Harm.

*Timo.* I've brought you safe to your desired Shore,  
The Tyrant's gone; what would you wish for more?  
Now you yourselves may rule, as heretofore.

*Andro.* Those who from Tyranny are late set free,  
They know not how to use their Liberty;  
Like Birds, for long accustomed to a Cage,  
In some new Thralldom they themselves engage:  
Disorders, Tumults, we shall soon create,  
And endless Strifes will on our Councils wait:  
But we may hope from your mild gentle Reign  
What from a Tyrant we could ne'er obtain.

*Timo.* If I must Rule, then this you may expect,  
My End's your Rights and Freedoms to protect.  
*Carthage*, that wants not a Pretence to break,  
Already vows the Tyrant's Part to take:  
Let's meet her then, ere she her Powers can join,  
And with swift Motion frustrate her Design.

*Omnes.* Long live Prince *Timoleon*!

*Enter*



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*Enter an Officer with Leonora bound, and other Ladies*

*weeping: They all kneel: Enter the Tyrant*

*Time: Who are these?*

*Officer: They're some of Dionysius's Family that had*

*hid themselves—This is Leonora, Daughter to Dionysius.*

*Time: Slave! Unbind her.*

*Forbid it, Heaven, I chain in the Tyrant's Cause*

*Any should grieve, but those who broke the Laws.*

*He takes her by the Hand, lifting her up.*

*Madam, you are free, and so are all these—Pharax,*

*let it be your Care that Leonora be treated like a Princess,*

*and the rest answerable to their Birth and Quality.*

*Exit, Leonora.*

*Manera Leonora, Pharax, and the other Ladies.*

*Leon. Since Heaven decreed 't should be my Father's Fate*

*To tumble headlong from a Monarch's State,*

*To you Divinities above I owe,*

*That I have found so generous a foe.*

*[Exit.]*

*SCENE Syracuse.*

*Enter Melantius and Philander.*

*Melan. Welcome to Syracuse. What News do you*

*bring from Sea?*

*Phil. None that will be acceptable.*

*Melan. Have you then been beaten?*

*Phil. Not by the Enemy: Care was taken that we*

*should not be hurt by them; our Orders being to seek 'em*

*out in every place, but where they were: At length, after*

*long cruising, having taken a small Bark, we heard they*

*were*

*in the Bay.*

*in the Bay.*

*in the Bay.*

*in the Bay.*

*in the Bay.*

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*in the Bay.*

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*in the Bay.*

*in the Bay.*

were at *Rhegium*; but the *Carthaginian* Admiral, by some treacherous Hand, being forewarn'd of our Approach, thought not fit to abide our coming, but immediately put to Sea with his whole Fleet: We hearing that he was gone for the Coast of *Africa*, made Sail after him; but, instead of finding the Enemy, we encountred nothing but Winds and Waves.

*Melan.* What followed?

*Phil.* 'Twas about the closing in of Day, when having sail'd with a fair and gentle Gale, The Heav'ns were all on a sudden o'erspread with Clouds, Then, with an impetuous Force, broke forth the Winds, Raging like hungry Lions, that have been long Confin'd to Dens—

Quickly the Seas obey their Summons, And with vast Surges raise their grisley Heads; One while we seem'd to ride on Mountain-tops, And then survey'd a dreadful Vale below; Whilst liquid Nature, labouring with her Pangs, Opens a Breach down to the Centre here, There bounds aloft, high as the *Alpine* Hills,

*Alpin.* Pray proceed; tho' I believe your Story's terrible, yet 'tis pleasant to recount Dangers when they are past.

*Phil.* Terrible indeed; for ere the third Watch was set, Nothing but Horror, Confusion, and Destruction Appear'd throughout our Fleet: Here might you see two floating Castles Meeting each other like Eagles in the Air, And both sunk down together.

*Melan.* But what became of their Men?

*Phil.* Alas, they perish'd too. We heard their dismal Cries, but could Not come to their Relief.

*Melan.* Why so?

*Phil.* The mighty Gulph the sinking Ships had made, Threatn'd

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Threatn'd Destruction to all that should come near,

*Melan.* How did you 'scape yourself?

*Phil.* When no Glimmerings of Light appear'd,  
But such as came from the Fiery Sky,  
By those we saw our selves near the Shore:  
No sooner had we seen our Danger, but felt it;  
For suddenly our Ship struck on a Rock,  
And split in a thousand pieces; I, with some  
Others, with great Difficulty did arrive the  
Shore, the rest were drown'd.

*Melan.* What's become of the Remainder of your Fleet?

*Phil.* Like Men upon a Rout, each providing for his  
Safety as best he can.

*Melan.* Have you acquainted the Governour with this  
News?

*Phil.* I am just now come from him.

*Melan.* I see you are disorder'd; when you have taken  
some Rest, we'll meet again; till then farewell.

*Phil.* Adieu. *[Exit severally.]*

*Enter Pharaoh.*

*Pha.* What art thou, thou thin and meagre thing call'd  
Virtue?

Some say thou'rt honest, just, and noble.

True, thou dost promise great things; but when

We have serv'd thee long, and come for our Reward,

Thou poorly put'st us off with barren empty Praise.

Some say thou'rt rich and wealthy — that may be,

For thou'rt begg'd by all that keep thee Company.

Had I not shaken Hands with thee, ere this

I had been now with *Dionysius* at *Corinth*,

Musing in a Perfumer's Shop,

Or drinking the diluted Wines of Taverns,

Or squabbling in the Street with some common Strumpet.

Away thou vain and empty Name,

# TIMOLEON: or,

I'll have no more to do with thee;  
*Timoleon* has left me Governour of *Syracuse*.  
 Hitherto have I served others,  
 Now will I serve myself;  
 The Opportunity is fair,  
 The People's Heads are full of Change;  
 And tho' they so lately suffer'd under the Tyrant's Scourge,  
 Yet some are content to feel the Lash again.

*Enter Diphilus.*

Well *Diphilus*, how dost thou find the  
 People stand affected?

*Diph.* They are full of Doubts and Fears;  
 And as the Ocean, tho' the Storm be ceas'd,  
 Requires time to smooth her angry Brow;  
 So tho' they think their greatest Danger's past,  
 Yet still their Minds with swelling Surges rise.

*Pha.* It goes as I could wish.  
 Let thy Breath still keep these Swellings up; tell 'em how  
 the late Shipwrecks and other Misfortunes, declare the  
 Gods are displeas'd with what they have done—Shew  
 'em the Danger and Inconvenience of being governed by  
 a Foreigner, when Offices, Places, and Preferments must  
 be bestowed on Strangers, and they themselves excluded  
 from having any Share—Then you may mention me  
 to 'em, as one of their own Blood, who cannot see 'em  
 wrong'd—but must feel himself the Injuries they  
 bear—And should the *Carthaginians* get the better,  
 as Millions to one, but they will—till then, there's none  
 can defend them like myself.

*Diph.* This, my Lord, I shall do.

*Pha.* Go, and as thou succeedest, so shall be thy Re-  
 ward.

So, thus far all's well; I'll now to *Dionysius's* Daughter,  
 (Exit *Diphilus*)



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make her some Tenders of my Person, and see whether she be inclin'd to love; if so, I'll marry her; that done, her Father's Interest will be mine——Sure she'll not refuse the Golden Offers I shall make her; For Women, tho' Decency does sometimes require Sorrow, yet, when a good Occasion does offer of gratifying a more real and agreeable Passion, they'll easily be perswaded to throw by the Counterfeit.

Her weak and tender Part I first will sound,  
Then my Ambition and my Love I'll crown.

As he is going out meets Melantius, who enters.

But soft, here comes *Melantius*, he is one that has deserv'd well of the Publick, but has the Luck to be forgotten: I'll try what may be done with him——How is it, my good Friend? I have observ'd of late, you wear not that cheerful Brow as formerly: Pray, what's the matter?

*Melan.* My Lord, I am not well.

*Pha.* Where lies your Grief?

*Melan.* In my Head, Heart, Breast, every where; for whilst the great Body is disorder'd, and I myself make a part, how is it possible I can be any where sound?

*Pha.* O, I understand you, you are sick of a Diseased State. But pray, as in the Natural Body, when Nature begins to faulter, we use some timely Help to recover its fallen State, why may not the like Means be used in the Body Politick?

*Melan.* My Lord, Physicians of the Body Politick are no more to be confided in, than those of the Body Natural; for both the one and the other do often widen the Breach, where they pretend to work a Cure.

*Pha.* But does not Nature itself reach us to provide against foreseen Ills? Will the Mariner sit careless and unconcern'd, whilst he sees the Sky black, the Storm gathering?

thering? Will he not rather furl his Sails, and prepare his Bark to withstand the impending Force? Nay, do not then even Beasts repair to Covert, sheltering themselves under the thick Hedges Shroud? And shall Man alone sit tamely, and expect his Doom?

*Melan.* Pray, my Lord, have you any fresh Advice, that makes you thus concern'd?

*Pha.* Since our late Misfortunes at Sea, as one Evil treads on another's Heels, we hear a fifth part of *Timoleon's* Army have deserted him, and are in their way hither, chusing to perish with their Friends at home, rather than with an Enthusiastick Zeal — be led to a Sacrifice.

*Melan.* Our Prince has learnt to conquer without the help of Numbers.

*Pha.* 'Tis true, his Actions speak him wonderful; but a Succession of Miracles must not be expected: For the Gods, who delight in Power, usually favour the more powerful. The *Carthaginians* are Seventy Thousand strong, our Prince has not the tenth part of the Number; pray tell me then, what Success can be expected from such a vast Inequality?

*Melan.* My Lord, I have always fear'd our Enemies at home, more than those abroad, who, like a Hectick Fever, insensibly prey on the Vital Spirits, that the Disease is scarcely known, till past a Remedy.

*Pha.* And does not our Common Safety call on us to provide against these Dangers?

*Melan.* How is that to be done, my Lord?

*Pha.* By trusting honest Men.

*Melan.* Alas, my Lord, how shall we find them out? For Vice has had the Impudence so to disguise herself in Virtue's Livery, that now the Real is scarce known from the Counterfeit.

*Pha.* Then I see the State must expect no help from you.

*Melan.*

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*Melan.* I hope the Prince will provide it may not stand in need of your's nor mine.

*Phil.* Tho' I cannot commend your Conduct, yet I must approve your Loyalty. So farewell. [Exit]

*Melan.* Farewel; and if I mistake not, thou art a vile Traitor.

Enter Philander.

*Phil.* I see you are just parted from the Lord-Governour; has he told you any News?

*Melan.* Nothing but what I knew before; that is, He that has been once a Knave, it shall scape him hard, but he will be such as long as he lives.

*Phil.* 'Tis strange so great a Trust should be reposed in this *Pharax*, who, you know, stood in so high Esteem with the Tyrant *Dionysus*.

*Melan.* Him he betray'd, when he perceiv'd his Fortune to decline; and now is seeking to play the same Game with his new Master.

*Phil.* I have often thought on't, whether or no the World has always abounded with that Fellhood and Depravity we see in our Days?

*Melan.* No doubtless; for if it had, it must long e're this have had an end.

*Phil.* Then how comes it to pass we see so much of it in our time?

*Melan.* I cannot justly point the Cause; but this I am well assur'd, had the Race of Men been as much regarded as that of Dogs and Horses, they had mended long e're this.

*Phil.* 'Tis a Shame indeed, to see a Father spend more Money in the training a Horse, or breeding a Setting-dog, than in educating a Son.

*Melan.* That is not all; they are the first Principles of Life that are chiefly to be look't into: The Dappled Grey

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must be match'd with the well-chested Turk or fiery Barb, that so the generous Race may be maintain'd. But in the Family neither Similitude of Years, Natures or Qualities, is regarded; the young Heir or Heiress must wed to old Age, Deformity or Diseases, as Interest or Humour shall require. Now what can be expected from the engendering such contrary Natures, but a monstrous degenerate Race?

*Phil.* Well, I hope you'll make a good Choice for your self, seeing 'tis necessary you marry for the keeping up your Family.

*Melan.* For my part, I am content it be wrote on my Monument, He was the last of his Kindred: I would not have the Sin of Propagation lie at my Door for the World.

*Phil.* I thought Propagation had been held a Blessing:

*Melan.* That was when Parents and Children were Blessings to one another: But now we see the kind indulgent Father is blest with a disobedient Son; and the well-disposed Son with a cruel unnatural Parent.

*Phil.* But pray, have you never been in Love?

*Melan.* Love, a meer Ignis Fatuus of the Brain, that ever leads a Man from the right way; a Flame, nourish'd by the Representation of false Idea's, which no sooner are rectify'd, but the Flame itself's extinct.

*Phil.* Are they false Idea's then that are the Cause of Love?

*Melan.* Most certainly; for the first Sentiments are ever chang'd by Time and Consideration.

*Phil.* Then for your part, the World may end as soon as 'twill.

*Melan.* The sooner the better: But fear not, there will be Fools enough without me or thee. But here comes the Governour, let's away, and avoid him. [Exeunt.]



# The REVOLUTION.

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*Enter Pharax.*

*Pha.* Sure she's not made of that common Mold that  
Fashions Womankind ; I have tempted her  
With all those Allurements, that first or last  
Subdue that cunning Sex : — Offer'd her Crowns,  
Sovereign Power, and Authority ; but  
That she scorns : Then I told her I lov'd, and  
That my Fate depended upon her Will ;  
That too, she answer'd with a greater Scorn.  
Still I commended her Beauty, and other  
Graces, and told her she was the great  
Master-piece of Heaven's Work.

This too was but vain — I have now ta'en  
Another course — The fiery Steed must be  
Well trampled, e're he can be made fit for  
His Master's use — I'll try what hard Usage  
Can do ; for Women, when we speak 'em fair,  
Their fond Belief out-flies our Flattery ;  
If we say they are beautiful, they think  
They are past compare ; nay, they will believe  
Even Contradictions : — Tell the Old, she's  
Young, and she believes ye ; tell the toothless,  
Warp'd and wither'd, she's handsome and well-shap'd,  
She, limping, answers, You Compliment, Sir :  
But yet believes ye — But when we tell 'em,  
We Love, they take it for their due ;  
But never think what Gratitude they owe.  
I'll see how this new Physick she'll approve,  
And then I'll know whether she'll hate or love. [Exit.

*Enter Leonora, supported by Charmion and Flavia.*

*Leon.* Urge me no more ! think not, that I will live,  
And drag this slavish ignominious Chain ;

For, tho' I want the present help to die,  
 I can avoid the means that must prolong my Life:  
 'Tis Death alone that gives us liberty,  
 Conquerours and Conquer'd no distinction know,  
 But friendly greet each other in the Grave.

*Char.* Take comfort, Madam; I cannot think this  
 Usage is from the Prince; when he arrives,  
 Doubt not but you'll find a better change  
 Of Fortune.——

*Flav.* Methought when he parted from you, his Looks  
 declar'd a Passion more of Love than Rage; he kindly  
 committed you to *Pharax's* Care, who, like a Traitor, fal-  
 sifies his Trust.——

*Leon.*—— I know not how it is,  
 They tell me my Father was a Tyrant:  
 Be it so, Heaven knows 'twas no fault of mine.  
 You, my Companions from a Child, can tell  
 My Nature ever was averse to Cruelty;  
 And, when my Father doom'd some Wretch to death,  
 I still lamented his unhappy Fate,  
 And, with my Tears, bedew'd his mournful Here.

*Enter Pharax.*

*Pha.* Madam, I'm come to let you know, 'tis in your  
 power to make both yourself and me happy—— We hear  
 that *Timoleon* is fallen by the *Carthaginian* Force——  
 The *Syracusians* look on me as their Head—— So that I am  
 now able, from the Daughter of a banish'd King, to make  
 you a Queen.

*Leon.* I abhor thy Love more than I do thy Cruelty.  
 But if Heaven be just—— my Wrongs,  
 And thy Perfidiousness, shall be reveng'd.

*Pha.* Your Wrongs are owing to your Fate;  
 The People cry aloud for Blood—— Lop off  
 The Branches, say they; Let neither Root nor Bud

Of Tyranny remain— But if I have power,  
I'll still preserve you, and you shall yet be Queen.

*Leon.* Rather let me fall a Sacrifice to  
The enrag'd Multitude, who know no  
Moderation, with whom Innocent and Guilty  
Fare alike.

But how dar'st thou, who art a double Traitor,  
To attempt the Daughter of a King?

*Pha.* You forget, your Father was a Tyrant.

*Leon.* Ungrateful Wretch art thou to call him so!

Did he not raise thee from the Lowest Shrub,  
Made thee the Tallest Cedar in his Court?  
Did'st thou not flatter him in all his Crimes;  
Fed'st his Ambition; told'st him he was  
No King, whil'st bound or circumfcrib'd by Law?  
And, when his too too furious Course had plung'd  
Him into Straits, thou, like a base Traitor,  
Left's him poorly to perish by himself.

*Pha.* 'Twas my Love to my Country, prompted me to  
what I did; but, since my Love cannot move you, me-  
thinks those Chains might prevail.

*Leon.* I will not be long e're I am freed from both.  
Thinkest thou that I fear to die?  
Cowards and Traitors fear to die;  
Such who purchase Life, Places and Preferment,  
By ignominious and inglorious Ways,  
They fear to die!

But, rather than comply with my Ambition,  
May I die ten thousand times each day.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Pha.* What's the matter?

*Mess.* The *Syracusans* attend your Honour.

*Pha.* I'll be with them.

If, by my Actions, I your Passion move,  
Impute my Crime to my unbounded Love.

[*Exit.*  
*Leon.*]

*Leon.* Of all the various States below, Greatness  
Is sure the worst—Is it not the Mark of  
Envy?—the Slave of Fortune? who like a  
Tennis-ball, bands it to and fro,  
Nor suffers it to rest, smiling to see  
The Vicissitudes she undergoes;  
And when she sets us at the height of Power,  
'Tis but to turn our Heads, and make us fall the lower.

[Exit.]

## ACT H.

*Pharax alone, reading of a Letter.*

*Reads,*

**W**E have fought their Army, and have given them a total Overthrow; the Particulars are too many to be mentioned—Our Victorious General is returning in Triumph.

—A Curse on all Conspiracies—We are ever too soon or too late, e're we begin our Work—But soft; If I can make Peace with *Leonora*, I may be yet safe—the rest does hardly amount to Treason. Besides the Prince, who is inclin'd to believe the best, I'll persuade him, I only endeavour'd to distinguish his Friends from those who are not—But here comes *Deiphilus*, 'tis fit I withdraw, and observe him. [Goes to the side of the Stage.]

*Enter Deiphilus.*

*Diph.* Damn'd Fortune! Just as I had prepar'd the People for another Revolution, comes the News of *Timolson's* Victory. Now may I be fairly hang'd, and have no other Satisfaction, than to make a fine Speech at my Execution.



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cution. As to my Lord *Pharax*, I warrant he'll come off well enough: For Examples are usually made of the Seconds, whilst the Principals go free. Well, I'll go and confess all, and see whether that will purchase my Pardon. But here comes my Lord.

*Re-enter Pharax.*

*Pha.* Now *Dephilus*, you hear the News, but we must have Patience. — Our Design must rest for the present, till a fitter Opportunity does present.

*Diph.* But, my Lord, are we not in danger of being call'd to Account for what we have already done?

*Pha.* Fear not; I'll take Care of thy Security and my own: But dost thou know to whom thou hast talk'd of this matter?

*Diph.* To above Five Hundred.

*Pha.* They are too many to keep a Secret, that's certain; but I'll take Care you shall be conceal'd, and then I'll deny the Fact.

*Diph.* And then the whole Conspiracy will lie on me!

*Pha.* No matter for that, as long as you are secure.

*Diph.* But where can that be, my Lord?

*Pha.* I'll send thee to *Rhogium*.

*Diph.* And will you not go yourself, my Lord?

*Pha.* No, but I'll take Care you shall be well provided for.

*Diph.* Pray, my Lord, let me have your Company; I shall think myself much safer whilst I am with your Lordship.

*Pha.* Well, I'll provide to go; but besure you say not a Word of it.

*Diph.* Doubt not, my Lord.

*Pha.* But will you be sure to be secret?

*Diph.* As secret as Death, my Lord.

*Pha.* Then there's Death for thee. [*Stabs him. He falls.*]

*Diph.*

*Diab.* Oh! I'm kill'd, I'm kill'd.  
*Pha.* Take what thou deserv'st for a Cowardly Knave;  
 now I am sure thou'lt tell no Tales.

*SCENE* draws, and discovers Leonora sleeping on a Couch;  
 she waking, rises, and comes forward.

*Leon.* Sleep (as they say) is Death's Representative:  
 If so, would I had never woke again:  
 Methought some Heavenly Vision did descend,  
 That said, my Grief and Woes should quickly end,  
 And Joys unknown did on my Fate attend.  
 If I may ever hope to taste of Bliss,  
 Sure it must be in another World, not this:  
 Here like a weary Pilgrim do I stand,  
 Hoping to reach a more propitious Land.  
 In vain I strive, in vain Man's Help implore,  
 There's none will wait me to the long'd-for Shore.  
 Death, when most sought, does most at distance stand,  
 But to the Fearful still is near at hand.

*Enter Charmion and Flavia.*

*Char.* Madam, we bring you most welcome News, *Ti-*  
*batian* lately has beaten the *Carthaginian* Army, and is re-  
 turned home in Triumph.

*Leon.* Alas! what's that to me?  
 He comes in Triumph o'er my Father's Ruins,  
 And in that Heap will bury the Remains.  
 Oh that he would — that I were once at rest.

*Fla.* Yield not to Sorrow, Madam, since Heaven  
 Designs you Joy.

*Leon.* ——— Talk not to me of Joy.  
 Where have I room for one calm gentle Thought,  
 When all my Breast and Soul is full of Woe?  
 My Father lives in Exile, my Mother, Brothers;

Sisters

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Sisters and Friends too, are now no more.

They perish'd by the enraged Peoples hate.

Why tell not I a Victim with the rest?

Coward, that I was, thus to prolong my Life,

Still to be rack'd with thoughts of what is past.

*Char.* That you still live, looks as Heaven took care,

That you your Father's Ruins should repair,

'Tis impious then, to kill yourself with grief,

None ought to die, when Heav'n vouchsafes relief.

*Leon.* When Grief, like mine, has brought as near our

A farther Summons, there's no need t' attend;

Heav'n, by these Miseries, does plainly say,

Death is thy Lot, pursue thou on that way.

*Flav.* The Gods correct not, when they mean to kill,

They only teach us to avoid the ill;

When, by their Stroaks, they do us warning give,

'Tis not to die, but that we well should live.

*Enter Pharaoh.*

*Pha.* Madam, I am come to implore your Pardon; the Prince, with a victorious Army, is at our Gates; my Life or Death is in your power.

*Leon.* I told ye, Traitors still would fear to die:

But if thou would'st avoid Publick Justice,

Do Justice on thy self.

*[Going out.]*

*Pha.* Upon my Knees, I implore your Pardon and my Life,

*Leon.* Still more base and abject — But let me go:

Make thy own Peace; Put not thy Friend nor Foe.

*[Exeunt.]*

D

SCENE

SCENE changes, and discovers Timoleon, seated on a Throne, attended by Andromachus, Iphicles, &c.

A Song of Triumph.

Sound the shrill Trumpet, sound a brisk Alarm;  
Awake the drowsy World, and bid it arm,  
Whilst Cannons thunder, beat the rattling Drums,  
The din of War this Triumph best becomes.

Timoleon comes with Victory;  
Conquest attends his Sword,  
Who slew the Monster Tyranny,  
And Sicily restor'd.

Cho.

Sing, sing his Praise, Heroick Acts rehearse,  
His Deeds repeat in Everlasting Verse.

The wretched Pow'r of doing Ill,  
Who did by Laws restrain;  
Destroy'd the Tools of Boundless Will,  
And taught Kings how to Reign.

Cho.

Small Force there needs to keep Mankind in awe,  
When Princes justly act, and rule by Law.

Lean Virtue long had hid her Head,  
And Merit pale was grown;  
Africa to the Skies was fled,  
And Passion rul'd alone.

Cho.

This Hero came, inflam'd with Noble Rage;  
The Monster's slain; restor'd the Golden Age.

Cho.



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Cho. 2.

*Sing, sing his Praise, Heroick Acts rehearse,  
His Deeds repeat in Everlasting Verse,  
Who Tyrants crush'd, whose Fames were stain'd with Blood,  
And sought no Name, but that of Just and Good.  
This Isle, for monstrous Gyants, fann'd in Story,  
Was kept till now, to raise Timoleon's Glory.*

*Unbrace the Drums, let the loud Trumpets cease,  
Tune all the Instruments of pleasing Peace.*

*In lofty Strains and Sounds Divine,  
Exalt his Fame, ye Sacred Nine,  
Whose Voices and whose lasting Breath,  
Can give him Life 'en after Death.  
On Pindus tops fresh Wreaths of Flowers prepare,  
For him who best deserves a Crown to wear.*

Cho.

*Scicilians all, for ever pay,  
A Tribute to this Happy Day;  
A Yearly Festival proclaim  
To celebrate your Hero's Name;  
Crown'd with Branches of the Vine,  
In Bowls of Mongebella Wine,  
Let Timoleon's Health go round,  
Him with Long live, greeting.  
To Cannons roar and Trumpets sound,  
Let distant Shoars, Long live, rebound,  
Echo still repeating.*

D.

Time.

*Timo.* Furl up your Colours, and unbrace your Drums,  
Sheath all your Swords, throw by your useleſs Arms,  
For War is now no more,  
Iron, and Steel, forget your killing Trade;  
And ſerve thoſe ends for which ye firſt were made;  
Let all your Force be now employ'd in Earth,  
There uſe your Power, from whence ye took your Birth:  
The Gods, who gave us this victorious Day,  
In laſting Peace ſhall your wiſh'd Freedom lay.

*Andro.* Ages to come ſmall credit will afford,  
When they ſhall read your Actions on Record;  
When Sev'nty thouſand *Carthaginians* ſtood,  
To give us Battle on *Crimſon* Flood,  
You with Five thouſand Foot and but One thouſand Horſe,  
Vanquiſh'd, and put to flight, that mighty Panick Force.  
*Timo.* *Carthage* no more ſhall vaunt with haughty Pride,  
But her diſgraced Head in *Africk* hide;  
There, with inſulting Power, may ſhe brave,  
But none but her own Subjects ſhall enſlave.

*Iſm.* What Gratitude can we return to you,  
To whom alone this mighty Conqueſt's due?  
From *Dionyſius* firſt, you ſet us free,  
And bravely now confirm our Liberty.

*Timo.* The Gods for ever will eſpouſe their Cauſe,  
Gainſt thoſe who ſtrive to break through Human Laws;  
Nor muſt this Victory be aſcrib'd to me,  
Heaven is the Patron of your Liberty.  
Did not you ſee, when firſt the Shock began,  
The Heavens were black, and then with Lightning ſhon?  
*Etna* aloud with terrible Voice did roar,  
Whoſe dreadful Echo reach'd the neighbouring Shore;  
Flames from below, mix'd with thoſe Flames on high,  
And Thundring Earth joyn'd Thunder with the Sky.

*Andro.* This, to our Men, ſeem'd but the Noiſe of War;  
But, to our Foes, it gave a Panick Fear;

No

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No longer now could they abide our sight,  
But sought to save their Lives by shameful Flight.

*Time.* A rapid Flood next follow'd on the Rain,  
*Crime's* Banks could not its Tide contain,  
Which spurn'd its Bounds, and spread all o're the Plain,  
Those of our Foes, that scap'd your fatal Wound,  
Are either Slaves or in the River drown'd.

*Ism.* With weary steps our Men on Conquest tread,  
Scarce could the Living serve to spoil the Dead.

*Andro.* When you your Homage did at *Delphos* pay,  
The God foretold this most successful Day,  
When we th' Event did with impatience dread,  
A Wreath fell down, and crown'd your Sacred Head.

*Ism.* Then, when you put to Sea, in that dark Night,  
Out from the Skies issu'd a Flame most bright,  
Form'd like a Torch before your Ship did stand,  
Then steer'd us safe to our desired Land.

*Andro.* Still have you been the God's peculiar care:  
And may they still preserve a Life so dear:  
As when those Ruffians, by *Iscariot* hir'd,  
Against that Great and Sacred Life conspir'd,  
(The bloody Villains by the Altar stood,  
Waiting the Sign, to offer up your Blood.)

The Gods look'd forth, and stopp'd the horrid Deed,  
By an avenging Stroke upon the Traitor's Head.

*Time.* Well have the Gods perform'd their part: Let us  
Do ours. Now to the Citadel repair,  
And lay that Fabrick level with the Ground:  
Call all the People to the pleasing Task,  
That Tyrant's Fortrefs may no more remain,  
But to the Temple first let's take our way,  
And thank the Gods for this most welcome Day.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

*Enter Melantius and Philander.*

*Melan.* You mistake, if you think my own neglect does make me sad; I've learn'd rather to merit than seek Advancement; and when I see Virtue prefer'd in another, I shall think myself Partaker of his Reward.—

*Phil.* Methinks Princes, for their own interest, should advance deserving Subjects.—

*Melan.* Princes are generally so blinded, in regard of their Favourites, that they are usually the last that are made sensible of their Treachery. But when saw you my Lord *Alphonso*?

*Phil.* Not long ago; but, since his late Honour, I visit him not so often as formerly.

*Melan.* Why d'ye find he's chang'd since he was made a Lord?

*Phil.* Not much, I think; he still receives me with the same Kindness, only a little more Ceremony.

*Melan.* Where we find an increase of Ceremony, we may justly suspect an abate of Friendship; for Honesty and Plain-dealing need no helps to let them off.

*Phil.* I acknowledge it; but Ceremony seems as necessary for a Courtier, as the understanding Languages for a Foreign Minister: for all Men cannot receive the same Conversation, and some Fools are as much delighted with a Compliment, as wise Men are with Plain-dealing.

*Melan.* I think such Fools are paid as they deserve: But, as I remember, this Lord *Alphonso* us'd to profess a great deal of kindness to you.

*Phil.* He did so.

*Melan.* Considering then the Place he holds, and having the Ear of the Prince, he might be able to do you good Service.

*Phil.*



*Phil.* He might, and in time possibly he will; but you whose Merit stands recorded, I should gladly see it found an answerable Reward.

*Melan.* I think I have some Pretence; for when the late Tyrant exercis'd his lawless Power, when Blood and Cruelty were the daily Spectacles within these Walls; when our Rights and Privileges, and all else we held dear, were ravish'd before our Eyes; there were then an inconsiderable number of us, that ventur'd in to stem the Tide; and whilst the rest basely crouch'd beneath the Tyrant's Yoke, we boldly did assert our Right.

*Phil.* Pray what followed? for I was then a great way distant from this Realm.

*Melan.* When we saw 'twas in vain with so small a Force to strive against so vast a Torrent, but that some or other were daily slaughter'd; those few that remain'd fled to *Corinth*, there expecting some happy Revolution, when we might better serve our Country.

*Phil.* And long you expected not, e'er Prince *Timalcon* came, and freed you from the Tyrant's Yoke.

*Melan.* He did indeed; and to speak his due, he's a Prince that stands possess'd of every Royal Virtue, Greatness and Goodness were n'er so united as in him; nor can we say which claims the greater Share, mild and gentle (if I may so speak) even to a Fault, and one that rewards Virtue in his very Enemies.

*Phil.* How comes it then you are still neglected?

*Melan.* That's not the Prince's Fault; he cannot see every Man with his own Eyes, but must sometimes look through other Mens.

*Phil.* Why do you not solicit those in Favour?

*Melan.* Solicit, said you? Let the hardened Knave, whose Impudence alone serves to back his Pretensions; let him solicit, I will not.

*Phil.* But is it not reasonable you should make some Application.

*Melan.*

*Melan.* I have already done all that does befit a Man. I am no Stranger to those you call Favourites: But to attend at a great Man's Levy, to bow, cringe, fawn and flatter, I'd rather feed on Straps than do it.

*Phil.* Do you not know this must be the way?

*Melan.* It never shall with me. 'Tho' I wanted Bread, I'd still preserve my Truth and Liberty. Shall I, who have fought to set others free, become a Slave myself?

*Phil.* Do you know *Dimius*?

*Melan.* O, very well; he's Favourite to your Friend my Lord *Alphonso*; he always freezes or sweats, as my Lord is either hot or cold.

*Phil.* You know *Demetrius*.

*Melan.* He was Page to my Lord *Pharax*; and being a tractable Fellow, he afterwards made him his Pimp; in which Office acquitting himself well, he got him the Place he now holds.

*Phil.* What think you of *Clean*?

*Melan.* He was an Actor on the Stage; and doing a good Turn to a great Man, he got him a better Employment.

*Phil.* But what do you think of *Socles*?

*Melan.* As I do of a Knave: He served the Tyrant *Dionysius*, and is now seeking another Master.

*Phil.* But they say he's now become honest.

*Melan.* That's because the Fool thinks honest Men are come in Fashion. But prithee trouble me no more with these Fellows; when you have made my Lord *Alphonso* a Visit, let me see you again—till then farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Phil.* He's much disturb'd, and not without Cause.

Neglected Virtue will rise up in Spight  
Of all the World, and shew itself to light. *[Exit.]*

SCENE

SCENE, Lord Alphonso's House.

Enter Celinda.

Celin. Francisco.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Did your Ladyship call?

Celin. Ladyship! Have you no other Name for me?

\*Twas Ladyship before *Alphonso* was made a Lord.

Fran. Please your Honour.

Celin. Ay, Honour; that's a little better: But what's that they call your Grace?

Fran. Your Honour cannot have that Title till my Lord comes to be made a Duke.

Celin. But is my Page come home yet?

Fran. He attends at the Door, Madam.

Celin. Page, Page.

Enter Page, and bows.

Celin. I have nothing for thee to do, Child; go out, and wait at the Door——Pray *Francisco*, how do I speak Page? Does the Word sound well in my Mouth?

Fran. Exceeding well, and very natural, Madam.

Celin. Pray come hither, *Francisco*, I must speak with you: You can't but know we have been at a great Charge for this Honour, and it has cost my Lord a great deal of Money to fit himself for his Office; and tho' there has been great Goings-out, there's yet but little Comings-in; so 'tis necessary we save what we can: Therefore *Bernardo*, the Porter, and some of the rest, must now serve without Wages.

E

Fran.

*Fran.* Without Wages : Pray, Madam, how must they live then ?

*Celin.* Why my Lord says their Vails will be double now to what their Wages were.

*Fran.* I'm afraid 'twill be difficult to get them to serve on those Terms ; but I'll try what may be done.

*Celin.* Ay do ; pray do, *Francisco* ; you know my Lord trusts all his Affairs with you, and he'll be sure to reward you well at last — Here Page, Page, follow me.

[*Exit, follow'd by the Page.*]

*Fran.* I hope he will ; I have been the Instrument to serve his Occasions this dozen Years ; he promises he'll be very bountiful at last : I'm sure he has good reason, for he has loaded my Conscience sufficiently already ; But here comes *Bernardo*.

[*Enter Bernardo.*]

*Bern.* I over-heard what my Lady and you discours'd ; what, we must serve her Honourship without Wages, forsooth.

*Fran.* Ay, *Bernardo* ; but you'll lose nothing by that ; for your Vails will make you amends sufficiently.

*Bern.* Sir *Francisco*, I love to play at sure Game ; I know not what these Vails are ; I never got one Drachma, but what these Hands and Feet have earn'd.

*Fran.* Why prithee the Sallery of my Lord's Office is very considerable ; but, they say, if the Office be well manag'd, the Perquisites are above double.

*Bern.* But pray, Sir *Francisco*, will you tell me what I must do to get these Vails.

*Fran.* That I will. Why observe now, when any one comes to the Door, and enquires whether my Lord be within, if his Hand be not in his Pocket, nor any thing in his Hand, thou must make answer, Thou dost not know whether he be or no ; but thou thinkest he's not.

*Bern.*



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*Bern.* Hum! What must I say, I think he is not, when I am sure he is?

*Fran.* No mater: Observe what I say, I tell thee; If he has nothing in his Hand, thou maist scratch thy Head, er rub thy Hands, and say thou wilt go presently, and see whether he be within or no, but can't not possibly stir yet; then, if he has any Business, 'tis odds but he'll give thee a *Duckatoon*, rather than be plagu'd with thee.

*Bern.* And must I serve every body so?

*Fran.* No, there's *Demias*, my Lord's Favourite; you must expect nothing from him.

*Bern.* Well, I'll try what's to be done in this new Office; but if Money comes not in apace, I'll not be put off with Vails.

*Fran.* Get thee to the Door then; 'twill not be long before some body comes to speak with my Lord.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Enter Philander, and knocks at the Door; Bernardo opens.*

*Phil.* Is my Lord stirring yet?

*Bern.* Indeed, Sir, I cannot very well tell; I know not whether he's gone out or no.

*Phil.* Here's something will inform thee.

*[Gives him Money.]*

*Bern.* Your Servant, Sir: I hear my Lord, now; he's just coming down.

*Philander goes in.*

Let me see what I've got here; a whole *Duckatoon*; a very honest Gentleman; half a dozen of these every Morning, for a Breakfast, may do something. *[Exit.]*

*The*

*The SCENE changes; re-enter Philander, to him Francisco.*

*Phil.* Has my Lord any Company within?

*Fran.* He'll be at leisure presently.

*[Phil. puts Money in his hand.*

*I'll let my Lord know you are here.*

*[Goes in.*

*Phil.* A Man might Sue out a Divorce with less Charge than he can Speak with a great Man; should I come hither to Morrow empty-handed, neither of these Fellows would know me.

*Enter Francisco.*

*Fran.* Sir, if please to walk in?

*The SCENE draws, and discovers Alphonso sitting at a Table with Papers before him.*

*Alpho.* Sir, I'm glad to see you; pray sit down.

*Phil.* My Lord, I'm your humble Servant. *[They sit.*

*Alpho.* Pray what News abroad?

*Phil.* I hear little News; but I have an humble Request to your Lordship.

*Alpho.* You may command me, I'm never so happy, as when I can serve my Friends.

*Phil.* I presume your Lordship knows, that, by the Death of *Philebus*, there's a Place become vacant.

*Alpho.* That I do; as soon as ever I heard the News, I thought on you; I know you have deserved well, and you may be assured of my small Interest to serve you.

*Phil.* My Lord, you for ever oblige me.

*Alpho.* Without a Compliment, I'll serve you; therefore depend upon me. *[Rising.*

*Phil.* My Lord, I am your most humble Servant. *[Exit. Alpho,*

*Alph. calls Francisco.*

*Fran. My Lord—*

*Alph. Come in, and shut the Door; who waits without?*

*Fran. No body at present.*

*Alph. Come hither; What do you say is offer'd for Philebus's Place?*

*Fran. About Six or Seven Hundred Pounds.*

*Alph. 'Tis worth double the Money. Philebus was not worth six Drachma's when he got into that Office, and now he has died one of the richest Men in all Syracuse.*

*Fran. Please your Honour, Don Gomez says he thinks the Gentleman may be brought up to a Thousand Pounds, if so be he may be secured of the Place; for he tells him, he once paid Money for an Office, and went without it.*

*Alph. That was hard indeed; but does Gomez take care to manage the matter so, that no Scandal may fall on us?*

*Fran. He says your Lordship's Name is not so much as mention'd, nor in the least suspected.*

*Alph. That's well.*

*Enter Celinda, hastily.*

*Celin. My Lord, my Dear; my Dear, my Lord.*

*Alph. What's the matter, my Dear?*

*Celin. Here's one will give Five Hundred Pounds, for Philebus's Place.*

*Alph. Are you mad?*

*Celin. Pray, Dear, don't be angry: What is't displeases you?*

*Alph. 'Tis you displease me: Don't you know these things are not to be done.*

*Celin. Pray, my Dear, don't be in a Passion. Other Men take Money, and why not you?*

*Alph.* I would not have it said I took Money for the World. Pray be gone, and leave us—we are busie.

*Celin.* Well, well; I know your good Nature; you'll speak for Some-body that we shall be never the better for: But you may wish you had taken my Advice. *[Exit.*

*Alph.* The Indiscretion of this Woman will ruine me. How came she to know this matter?

*Fran.* There has been at least half a dozen this Morning with my Lady soliciting.

*Alph.* The next that comes, let him be seiz'd on for a suspected Person; but go see No-body be in the Anti-room, and shut the Door. *[Exit Fran.*

That other Men take Money, I think there's no great Question to be made; but, I suppose, they do not make Fools their Confessors—That my Word will purchase *Philebus's* Place, I doubt not; for new Favourites, like new Saints and Deified Men, are ever in Request when first Canoniz'd.

*Re-enter Francisco.*

Wellcome hither—Tell *Gomez*, if the Gentleman will give One Thousand Pounds, he shall be secur'd of the Place; but in the mean time do you and he make Enquiry if Any-body offers more.

*Fran.* We shall, my Lord.

*Alph.* Who's without?

*Fran.* *Dimas*, my Lord.

*Alph.* Let him come in; that's an honest Fellow.

*Enter Dimas.*

*Dimi.* A good Day to your Lordship: May your Lordship see none but such, as may your Fortune still grow greater; that, if possible, it may equal your Desert.

*Alph.*



*Alph.* Sit down, my good Friend; Pray tell me, What says the World of this our late Advancement?

*Dim.* Such an universal Joy has fill'd the Hearts and Mouths of all People, that I cannot say 'twas greater when *Timoleon* landed on our Coast.

*Alph.* I doubt you flatter me.

*Dim.* No, good my Lord; even our Enemies, if there can be such, do all acknowledge your Merit, and confess our Prince has now an able Counsellour.

*Alph.* But these sudden Changes of Fortune do oftentimes occasion Envy, not only in our Equals, but in those above us, who having lost an Inferiour, are usually uneasy, like a Prince that has lost part of his Dominions.

*Dim.* That must be, my Lord, where Preferment goes without Desert; but where 'tis accompanied with Merit, like that your Lordship does possess, there even Envy herself must hide her Head.

*Alph. Dimas;* I know thou art my Friend; and thou shalt find I will be thine; think of what I can serve thee in.

*Dim.* Does your Lordship know that *Philebus* is dead?

*Alph.* I do; and because you are my Friend, I'll tell you, his Place is promis'd.

*Dim.* I have done, my Lord.

*Alph.* But 'twill not be long before something else will fall.

*Dim.* I'm infinitely satisfy'd in your Lordship's Favour.

*Enter Francesco.*

*Fran.* My Lord, *Entropius* is without.

*Alph.* Let him come in; I know not how to get rid of this Fellow; I'm every Day plagu'd with him; you must leave us.

[ *Exit Dimas.* ]

*Enter*

*Enter Eutropius.**Eutrop.* My Lord, I'm your Humble Servant.*Alph.* Sir, I'm yours.*Eutrop.* My Lord, I come to give you a little Trouble.*Alph.* If it be to serve yourself, or any Friend of yours, 'twill be none.*Eutrop.* My Suit is for myself: I need not tell your Lordship on what I ground my Pretension.*Alph.* I am very well satisfy'd of your Desert.*Eutrop.* You know, my Lord, I was one of the first that went in to the Prince when he landed.*Alph.* Pray tell me what I can serve you in.*Eutrop.* *Philibus's* Place is now vacant.*Alph.* 'Tis so: come, I'll carry you with me in my Coach to Court. *[Exit.*

## A C T III A Room of State.

*Enter Timoleon, leading in Leonora weeping.**Tim.* Think not that I was privy to your Wrongs;  
By Heav'n's! By all the Gods I swear! when  
first

The Story was related in my Ears,  
Each Sound, each Accent, made a greater Wound,  
Than would the dying Groans of my departing Friend.  
But here the Traitor comes, and from your Mouth  
He shall receive his Doom.

*[Exit Leonora.]**Enter*

*Enter Pharax brought in with a Guard.*

*Leon.* Alas, my Lord, my Sufferings from him  
Are nought to those that nearer touch my Breast;  
Therefore his Wrongs to me, I freely pass 'em by.

*Timo.* If then the greater Debts past o're, the less  
Should fall of course.

Live then, but in Disgrace; and know, thy Life  
To this injur'd Princess thou dost owe.

*[Exit Pharax with the Guard.]*

Madam, what now remains can ease

Your Heart, or still your troubled Breast?

*Leon.* That I still live, is owing to your Grace;  
But think, my Lord, what Comfort is there in  
A Life, whose Thoughts must be for ever full  
Of the sad Fate of my distressed House.

Oh! should I live ten thousand Years, [Tears.]  
My Heart must flow with Grief, my Eyes run o're with

*Timo.* I mourn your Fate no less than does yourself:

'Twas not your Father that I fought against.

I must confess he never did me wrong;

But 'twas his Tyranny, that did oppress  
His peaceful Subjects, which requir'd Redress.

*Leon.* 'Tis not for a weak Woman to dispute,

What is a King's or what his Subjects Right;

Reason, alas, 'tis easie to confute,

When Argument is strongly back'd with Might.

*Timo.* Had not the general Voice here call'd me o're,

I ne'r had came from my own native Shore;

Nor with one thousand Men could have withstood

Your Father's Powers, had not the Cause been good.

Heav'n, by Success, now plainly does decide,

Vict'ry shall fall upon the juster side.

*Leon.* If Justice must be measured by Success,

Virtue must always suffer in distress.

*Timo.* Vertue has suffer'd in yourself, 'tis true;  
Your Father's Faults shou'd not be charg'd on you.  
Cease then those Tears; let not your Innocence  
Mourn others Crimes, that never knew offence.

*Leon.* Permit me, Sir, my Sorrow to bestow,  
Where I indeed a greater Debt do owe.

*Timo.* When Heav'n does justly punish Man's offence,  
We should not grieve, nor plead in his defence.

*Leon.* If it be crime to mourn my Friends distress,  
Nature will plead, and make my fault the less.

*Timo.* I cannot see those Tears; Methinks I feel  
Something that makes m' unshaken Vertue reel,

Like Fires piercing through a watry Sky,  
Such is the Lightning from her drowned Eye:

I'll look no more, and yet I cannot turn;  
Water to Fire, makes it more fiercely burn.

Madam, what if kind Heav'n has so decreed,  
You to your Father's Honours should succeed,

Could you then wipe away those sor'ful Tears,  
And dry 'em up in endless happy Years?

*Leon.* If to my Miseries you'd afford relief,  
Suffer that now I may in secret grieve;

Perhaps, in time, my Sorrows may relent;  
Grief slackens most, when most it finds a vent.

*Timo.* All your Commands I readily obey;  
But this I beg you would remember still,

When you reflect upon your Father's Destiny,  
Tho' I did conquer him, yet you have vanquish'd me. [Exit.]

*Leon.* What's this I feel, that whispers in my Breast?  
Can it be Love? No sure, it cannot be:

Can I love him, who, from the Height of Power,  
Has brought us to the lowest Ebb of Fate;

And triumphs o'er my Father's fallen State,  
Shall I accept a Gift from him? O no;

He gives but what he has already ta'en  
Away— But he says it was the Peoples

Cause;



Cause ; who, with their loud Acclamations,  
 Still cry him up with never-ceasing Praise,  
 That his Name rebounds to the exalted Heav'n's roof;  
 Be it so. What tho' like the great Ruler  
 Of the Day, his kind gentle influence  
 Has warm'd and bless'd their Habitations round;  
 Alas, his too powerful Rays has burnt us up,  
 That, like a barren Desert, we appear :  
 If, like some wither'd Branch lop'd off, must lye,  
 And nought besides but the sad Trunk remains.  
 And yet methinks there's something pleads to his  
 Behalf, and says, like a correcting God,  
 He should be lov'd and worshipp'd.  
 I must confess, 'bating his Wrongs to us,  
 There's not a Man I could think better on;  
 His Words, his Actions, all have such a grace,  
 That e'en his very Injuries,  
 With pleasing Aspect do appear.  
 O Virtue ! whether art thou going ? what  
 Shall I do ?  
 Shall I so soon forget our Sufferings ? No,  
 I'll free myself from Earth, then soar above ;  
 For, if I hear do stay, I soon shall love. [Exit.

SCENE changes to Lord Alban's House.

Enter a Priest, that crosses the Stage, and knocks at the Door ;  
 Bernardo opens.

Priest, Pray is Signior Francesco, my Lord's Gentleman within ?

Bern. Yes, he's within ; but is busy and can't be spoke with.

Priest, Sit, if you can help me to his Speech, you'll do me a particular favour.

G 2

Bern.

*Bern.* That may be; but I tell you he's not to be spoke with.

*Priest,* Pray see what can be done for me, Sir.

*Bern.* Walk in, Sir; I'll endeavour to send him to you presently.

*Priest goes in.*

*Bernardo solus.* Signior *Francisco* told me, I must expect Vails of none but those that would speak with my Lord— Well, for once, I have made a Lord of him— How easie does a Man learn this Art of taking of Money: I remember well, Forty Years ago, I took on me the Mystery of a Porter, and finding my Back began to ake, carrying heavy Burchens, I took on me a lighter Carriage, as that of Letters, Billots, otherwife call'd Pimping— O! I had an excellent Memory to deliver a Message; many an honest Gentleman have I serv'd, when he durst not trust his own Servant, and many a one who had no Servant to trust; but that cost me many an aking Head, before I could well learn my Trade; but now, being grown old and unfit for that sort of Service, I am entred upon a new one, and tho' as they say, old Age is a very bad time for improvement, yet, I thank *Mercury*, I have got this last Trade sooner than either of the former— Sir *Francisco*, I desie you, I have no further need of your help; for, since I have been too hard for a Man in black, let t'other Man in black come, and I'm ready for him. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Francisco and Priest.*

*Fran.* Sir I would very gladly serve you, but I do not find my Lord dispos'd to take any Religious Person into his House.

*Priest,* 'Tis what all Men of my Lord's Character do.

*Fran.* But, pray Sir, what Country are you of, where had you your Education?

*Priest,*

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*Priest.* Sir, I was born at *Athens*, where I have long studied.

*Fran.* Well, Sir, I'll tell you for your Comfort, that since our late Changes in *Scizily*, Foreigners here have had no ill time on't. But pray, what did you study?

*Priest.* I read the Philosophy of *Aristotle* and *Epicurus*.

*Fran.* O, my Lord is strangely delighted with the *Epicurean* Philosophy.

*Priest.* 'Tis indeed the Philosophy that is now altogether in Vogue; for as to the *Platonick*, 'tis in a manner laid aside.

*Fran.* For my Lord's part, I doubt not but he'll like your Philosophy well; but I know not how my Lady may approve of it; for she keeps a great many Females in the House.

*Priest.* Sir, I do not well understand your meaning.

*Fran.* Nay, Sir, the Meaning's plain; for you who read *Aristotle* and *Epicurus*, 'tis to be doubted don't deal altogether with the Spirit.

*Priest.* Well, Sir, I find I must take my leave; but I hope you'll not forget me. [Exit.]

*Fran.* Sir, your Servant; I'll not forget you.— This is the first Fellow in Black I ever see blush. I'm glad I found the way to get rid of him; but many of his Coat would not have been turn'd off so. As to my Lord, I do not find he makes any use of Priests, unless it be to qualifie 'em for Pluralities—He's too understanding himself to be taught by them.

The Babe that's young, in Leading-strings must go;  
He needs no Priest, who of himself does know. [Exit.]

H SCENE



## SCENE changes.

*Enter Pharaoh alone.*

Phar. Live, but in Disgrace: That's the Word!  
 Be pointed at! There goes a Traitor!  
 Yet let me see; what's this Bugbear  
 Word Traytor? Had *Cyrus* o'recome  
 His Brother *Xerxes*, then *Xerxes*  
 Had been the Traytor—Success or  
 Failing in the Attempt, makes both  
 The Hero and the Traitor—But hold a  
 Little; shall I, who but now as 'twere  
 Trud within the Verge of Sovereign  
 Power, tamely acquiesce in this  
 Reproachful State? No—for Man, tho'  
 Fallen n'er so low, wants not his Means  
 To work Revenge, which in some degree  
 Makes up the loss of Victory.  
 Tho' I have fail'd in my first Attempt,  
 I may be yet more successful  
 In my next. *Dionysius*, tho' an Exile,  
 Is still alive, nor wants he Friends;  
 Some, who through loss of Place, others  
 Who think their Services not well  
 Rewarded—grown Malecontent—stand  
 Ready for to fish in troubled Streams.  
 A third, more powerful than these,  
 Are taught, that Kings can't err:  
 These Priest-ridden Fools,  
 Incurable under Stripes,  
 Still court their own Destruction:  
 The Populace too stand ever  
 Ready for a Change; with these Engines I'll set



A new Machine on work; once more I'll venture all,  
And, if I fail, like a glorious Traitor fall. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E changes to Lord *Alphonso's*  
House.

*Enter Francisco and Bernardo.*

*Fran.* Well, *Bernardo*, how do the Vails arise?

*Bern.* Vails, Kithce; whenever my Lord dies, or I am  
turn'd out of my Office, I shall certainly have my Brains  
knockt out for a sawcy unmannerly Blockhead—Ah! my  
Head akes to think how 'twill be hereafter.

*Fran.* Why? What's the matter?

*Bern.* I have turn'd away no less than six Lords this  
Morning, and told them my Lord was not within.

*Fran.* I warrant there was not one of them had any  
Mony in his Hand.

*Bern.* Nora Cross, by *Jupiter*.

*Fran.* Oh *Bernardo*, thou must never expect any thing  
from Lords; when they meet, 'tis to consult to do some  
other Man's Business, and not their own.

*Bern.* Just now too came a rough haughty Fellow, em-  
pty handed, like a Lord—and ask'd, whether my Lord  
was within? I answer'd, after my usual manner, That  
I could not tell. He told me, I was a Blockhead, and de-  
serv'd to have my Pate broke; and at the same time rush'd  
in whether I would or no.

*Fran.* That was *Melantius* that's now gone in.

*Bern.* The same.

*Fran.* You must expect nothing from him neither; for  
he values not one Drachma whether ever my Lord be  
within, or no.

*Bern.* But a word with you: Pray, Sir *Francisco*, do  
not you think you shall be hang'd when you are out of  
your Office?

*Fran.*

*Fran.* No; I'll take Care to prevent that, by being able to purchase a Pardon.

*Bern.* Would I could lay so too, for my Neck akes for't already.

*Fran.* Why, what makes thee afraid?

*Bern.* Forty Blockheads in a Day nod their Heads at me, and cry, *Every Dog has his Day*: But 'tis every Dog's Fate to be hang'd at last— But pray, Sir *Francisco*, how much will purchase a Man's Pardon?

*Fran.* That's according to the Nature of the Offence; your little Pick-pockets are often hang'd, whilst those that rob for greater Sums do easily get their Pardons.

*Bern.* Then I plainly see I shall be hang'd, and thou'lt go unpunished. O *Bernardo*! into what Straights hast thou brought thyself! How thy Conscience does fly in thy Face! But how is it with you, Sir *Francisco*?

*Fran.* Prithce, I never took any thing but Gratuities.

*Bern.* Gratuities! Pray, what are they?

*Fran.* Some little Acknowledgments from a Friend for Services done him.

*Bern.* Indeed I do not understand the difference between Vails and Gratuities— But what's that they call Bribes? Is not that the same with Gratuities?

*Fran.* Get thee to the Door for an inquisitive conscientious Coxcomb, I hear my Lord coming. [*Exit Bern.*]

*Enter Melantius and Lord Alphonso.*

*Melan.* Nay, good my Lord, give not yourself any further Trouble.

*Alph.* Nay, pray good Sir, 'tis my Duty.

*Melan.* A needless Ceremony, my Lord; pray excuse it.

*Alph.* I cannot for the World; you must give me leave.

*Melan.* You'll not forget your Promise, my Lord.

*Alph.* You need not doubt; pray depend upon me.

*Melan.*

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*Melan.* I'm your Lordship's Humble Servant. [Exit.

*Alph.* Let the Coach be got ready.

[Exit, crossing the Stage.

SCENE changes.

*Enter Timoleon alone.*

*Timo.* If Princes must think themselves happy Men,  
Sure it must be from what they hear  
From others, not what they feel within.  
What endless Toils, what never-ceasing Cares—  
Take up his Thoughts, and fill a Monarch's Breast?  
The happy Shepherd, when his Labour's done,  
Sweetly enjoys his undisturbed Rest;  
His Flocks no Strife nor Emulation know;  
No Faction, Rancour, Malice, comes within their Fold,  
But lovingly they all lie down together.  
The Brutes of Reason know no such Law:  
Here one whispers you in the Ear—  
That Man is dangerous; 'tis not safe to keep  
Him longer by you—Such a one will do your Grace  
More Service—Thus do we give Place, Titles,  
Honour, and then Disgrace, and oft we know not why.  
Alas! the World mistakes, when they believe  
Princes do rule alone—when e're they place  
One Man above the rest, he holds the Reins,  
Stands at the Helm, and guides them at his Will.  
Oh *Leonora*!  
Might I but hope within thy Breast to reign,  
All Power besides most freely I'd resign.

*Enter Charmian.*

*Timo.* How does the Princess?

*Char.* Much indisposed, my Lord; she seems delighted  
with nothing but Solitude.

I

*Timo.*

*Timo.* May I not see her.

*Char.* She bad me tell your Highness, that if 'twas your Command, she must obey. But if you would vouchsafe her Liberty, she would gladly be alone.

*Timo.* Sure she's not always thus; there is a time. When even the coldest Climes shake off Their Winter Robes, and look fresh and gay: Tell me, you who best know her softest Hours, Is there no kind Heat does ever touch her Heart?

*Char.* Indeed, my Lord, I think her Heart—like some high barren Mountain's top, bears nothing but everlasting Snow.

*Timo.* Pray how does she receive my Love?

*Char.* I think Grief has almost wrought her to Distraction.

*Timo.* But answer me.

*Char.* I cannot tell, my Lord, only that she commands us not to speak your Name.

*Timo.* Well, go and attend her. [Exit Char.

*Timoleon alone.*

*Tim.* Must I then love, and yet must love in vain,  
Still must I labour under cold Disdain:  
Come, ye *Scitilians* all, and set me free;  
I gave it you, now give me Liberty;  
And you the Tyrants, *Mamercus*, *Hippo*,  
*Dionysius*, again I'll all ingage;  
A greater Fury in my Breast doth rage.  
Come, ye mighty *Carthaginian* Host,  
*Asdrubal*, *Hamilcar*, *Mago*, *Hanno*,  
Bring all your dreadful steel-pointed Chariots,  
And all your cruel Instruments of War:  
Hew me in pieces, till each Part become  
Less than an Atom blown into the Air:  
Till in the vast Space I am for ever lost.

Gods,



Gods, I thank ye; ye rais'd up me  
To save Mankind from Slavery;  
And when to them I Freedom gave,  
Your Pleasure 'twas that I must be a Slave:  
Blow *Aetna*, till thy last hot Breath expire,  
And with one Flame drive out another Fire.

[Exit.

SCENE changes.

Enter Melantius met by Philander.

*Melan.* Well, have you seen my Lord *Alphonso*?

*Phil.* I have, and I hear you have been lately with him.

*Melan.* Tho' I scorn to ask any thing for myself; yet, hearing *Philebus's* Place was void, I have been using my Interest on your behalf, and my Lord promises he will serve you.

*Phil.* I thank you for your kind intention; but I hear one *Thrasillus*, a Man of more Money than Wit, has laid down a Thousand Pounds, and is now possess'd of it.

*Melan.* When did you hear this?

*Phil.* But this Morning.

*Melan.* To whom has he paid the Money?

*Phil.* The Money is paid into a Banker's Hand; but the Purchaser is not to know who 'tis has done him the Kindness.

*Melan.* The common Juggle of Courtiers. But come, I'll make this Lord *Alphonso* another Visit, and that shall be my last.

[Exeunt together.

## SCENE Lord Alphonso's House

*Enter Bernardo.*

*Bern.* O Conscience! Conscience! Conscience! That a Man can't live in a Great Man's House, but must cry out Conscience: Yet why should I cry Conscience; I never took but single Duckatoons, Seignior Francisco takes Pounds, and his Conscience is at rest. My Lord—but softly, if the World lies not, takes Hundreds; nay, some say Thousands, and he has no Conscience that troubles him. Well, could I but get enough to save me from hanging, I believe I should have as good a Conscience as any of them all. But here comes my Lady.

*Enter Celinda.**Celin.* Bernardo.

*Bern.* Here, here Forsooth; what would your Honour please to have?

*Celin.* Pd have you behave yourself better in your Office—

*Bern.* What would your Honour have me do?

*Celin.* Not to expect Money from every Lady that comes to pay her Respects.

*Bern.* Why, I never did see a Drachma of any Lady's Money in my Life.

*Celin.* 'Tis false, Sirrah, you take Money of every body; but my Lord will call you to an Account.

*Bern.* Account for what, pray Madam?

*Celin.* For the Money you have got, Sirrah; for 'tis all on our Account.

*Bern.* Why, pray Forsooth, do Men ever account for Vails?

*Celin.*

*Celin.* Yes, when they talk of purchasing Houses, as you do; besides, your insolent Carriage does reflect on us: Therefore prepare to make up a good Account, or be gone.

*[Exit Celin.*

*Bern.* In what a sad condition are we poor little Rogues; how are we terrified and frighted, whilst the great ones stare the Gallows in the face, and bid open defiance to common Justice. Come to account, kithes! — Why do Men ever account for Money, after they have got it into their Clutches? I know not what may be done for small Sums, but they say they never do for great ones.

Where's Conscience then? O, I do see't, now 'tis too late, I must be no Rogue, or one of the first rate.

*Enter Melantius.*

*Melan.* Is your Lord within?

*Bern.* Yes, and't please your Honour: Please to walk in. *[Melan. goes in.]* This surly Gentleman was one of the first that put me in mind of my Faults — Well, I'll e'en pack up my Awls, and get me into some little Nook of the World, where I am not known; there will I set up for a States-man, for I have lived long enough with my Lord, to understand Politicks: So, my Lord and my Lady both, fare ye well.

*[Exit.]*

*SCENE* changeth to a Garden.

*Enter Alphonso, follow'd by Melantius.*

*Alpho.* Come, will you take a turn in the Garden; there we may be private?

*Melan.* I'll follow you, my Lord.

*Alpho.* Well, pray how goes the World, what News abroad?

*Melan.* News, my Lord! Why I'll tell ye, As I was coming



coming to wait on your Lordship, I met with an old Acquaintance of mine, who had taken up a desperate resolution to be honest, and had pass'd his word upon't.

*Alpho.* Is it so dangerous then for a Man to give his word he'll be honest?

*Melan.* Ay certainly, my Lord; for 'tis a thousand to one, but this Man breaks his word; 't is not, 'tis odds but his word may break him.

*Alpho.* I must confess 'tis a bad Age we live in.

*Melan.* But your Lordship has not forgot your Promise?

*Alpho.* O! you mean *Philebus's* Place; indeed you came a little too late.

*Melan.* My Lord, the time between too early and too late, was hardly ever yet found out.

*Alpho.* Truly I was sorry I could not serve *Phitander*, for your sake; but I shall find some other opportunity. But pray why don't you think of something to ask for your self; for the Prince has taken particular notice of your Merit?

*Melan.* Smooth-tong'd Knave.

[*Aside.*

*Alpho.* And, if you will make use of my small interest, I shall think myself most happy in serving you.

*Melan.* I thank you, my Lord: But pray, as to *Philebus's* Place, was there nothing of this that pass'd in the Matter; you know my meaning, my Lord?

[*Stroking the Palm of his Hand.*

*Alpho.* No, upon my Honour, to my knowledge.

*Melan.* My Lord, have you no other word to use, besides Honour?

*Alpho.* What shall I say, if you'll not believe a Man that speaks upon his Honour?

*Melan.* Honour! A word that serves to cheat credulous Fools. Must I believe you on your Honour! Then let the Bawd swear by her Modesty, the Harlot by her Chastity, and I'll believe 'em.

*Alpho.*



*Alpho.* Well, Sir, if you be angry, I'll leave ye.

*Melan.* You shall not leave me yet; this is the last Visit I ever shall make ye.

*Alpho.* What wou'd you have?

*Melan.* I design only, my Lord, to tell you the truth, a thing, that as your Lordship deals very little in, so 'tis your fortune to have but little dealt to you again.

*Alpho.* Well, what is't you'd say?

*Melan.* That you should not give credit to your Syco-phants; for the World does not take you to be the Man they would have you believe yourself to be: No indeed, my Lord, you deceive none but yourself, and those that trust in you; for, as to others, they know you are covetous and false.

*Alpho.* How's this? I shall have another time of discou'ring with you. [Exit.]

*Melan.* Thou mistak'st; that time shall never come.

Henceforth I disclaim all Humane Society:

If there be a breathing-place on Earth,

Where I may quietly enjoy myself,

And spend the respite of my ebbing Days,

I'll find it out.

There, freed from false ungrateful Man, I'll sit me down,

Nor will I envy him that wears the Imperial Crown.

[Exit.]

## SCENE changes.

*Enter Leonora, dress'd in white, with a bloody Dagger, having a Wound on her Breast.*

*Leon.* 'Alas, my too feeble Hand has done but Half the Work; and now this Crimson Dye appears. Methinks the Woman is return'd agen. Nature starts back; my Nerves slacken, my Joynts Tremble, and my Will, though arm'd with a steadfast

Refo-

Resolution, wants Power to act,  
What firmly it Decrees.

Begon these Faintings, till I in earnest  
Faint, as never more to see this Light again:  
I'll summon all my Courage up; and then,  
Ye Gods, that guard this life, prepare to take  
A spotless Innocence, as I my self  
Thus offer up to your offended Powers.  
May then your Anger cease; and may this Blood  
Appease your Wrath, and wash away our Guilt.

*[Going to strike.]*

*Enter Timoleon.*

*Time.* Hold, hold, that Sacrilegious Hand: By Heavens,  
I swear, when e're you strike, then this shall be  
The Mark — Horror and Distraction seize me.  
The dreadful Deed's already done: See, she  
Bleeds! — I cannot bear the sight.  
Not all the streams of Blood I've seen in War,  
E're touch'd my Heart, or shak'd me, like to this.  
Spite of your hatred, whil'ft this Blood is warm,  
I'll plunge it in and joint it with my own. *[Offering to strike.]*

*Leon.* Oh! hold, hold.

*Time.* Why will you respit me, to live in pain?  
If my single Life be not sufficient,  
Tell me what must I farther do, to make  
Attonement for your Wrongs?

*Leon.* 'Tis fit, my Lord, that I alone should die,  
And pay my Breath to the incensed Gods.

*Time.* By all those Gods, I swear, when e're you die,  
I'll not remain behind: But, lest you should  
Suspect I'd break my word, I'll lead the way.

*[Offers to strike.]*

*Leon.* Oh! hold a while, my Wound's not mortal yet;  
And should I behold Death in you, perhaps  
I should look so grim and frightful, that I  
Should fear to meet him in myself.

*Time.*

*Time.* Not mortal! and yet talk of dying. Once  
More, I swear, you shall not die; I,  
Myself, will stand Centinel;  
Guard you, like the watchful Dragon,  
That no Bold Hand may touch that Golden Fruit.

*Leon.* If you would have me live, my Lord, then leave  
Me to myself; for, when confu'd, tho' by  
A Royal Guard, yet then, I must esteem  
I differ little from a Common Slave.  
The poorest Peasant, in his humble Hut's more free  
Than those who wear the gilded Bands of Royalty.

*Time.* But will you promise then to live?

*Leon.* Since you will have it so, I'll strive to do't.

*Time.* And may I hope you'll love?

*Leon.* If you'd preserve my Life,

Talk not, my Lord, of Love;

The Name of that, brings present Death.

*Time.* And wanting that, brings Death to me.

Thus, in exchange, for saving yours,

I beg my Life of you.

[*Kneeling to her.*]

*Leon.* Urge not a thing, that Fate forbids to grant;

For, should my Will consent,

Reason and Nature too, would both deny.

*Time.* Nature and Reason too, we urge in vain,

Where stronger Pow'r prevail. Oh, did you feel

The Torments I endure,

At least some Pity to my Pains you'd give.

*Leon.* My Pity then you have; but if my Life's your care,

I charge you not to think, nor ask for more.

*Time.* If I must hear my Wounds, let me at least

Conduct you where yours may find a Cure.

Remember then, two Lives on you depend;

When yours is gone, the Race of mine must end.

[*Exit, leading her.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Pedro, follow'd by his Wife.*

**Pedro,** **P**rithee, sweet *Nelly*, do not follow me; I tell thee 'tis the Prince's Birth-day, and we must make it Holiday.

*Nelly*, I say, 'tis more fit you should be at Work; must your Children and I starve, whilst you keep Holiday?

**Pedro**, I prithee go home and spin; I'll be with thee presently.

*Nelly*, Go home and spin, say ye? No in truth, if it be Holiday with you, take notice it shall be Play-day with me.

**Pedro**, Any thing for a quiet Life, sweet *Nelly*: Here comes my Neighbour *Jacamo*; we'll take but one Quarrel, and be at home presently.

*Nelly*, At Midnight, you mean; but you shall be receiv'd accordingly. [Exit *Nelly*.]

*Enter Jacamo.*

**Jaca.** How is't, Neighbour? Why so melancholly?

**Pedro**, Had'st ever the Gout, *Jacamo*?

**Jaca.** No.

**Pedro**, Then 'tis to no purpose, to call thee my Distemper.

**Jaca.** Is there no body can cure thee?

**Pedro**, Yes, the Grave-digger, or the Hang-man.

**Jaca.** Alack, poor *Pedro*, must either die or be hang'd then.

**Pedro**, Ay, or my Wife *Jacamo*. would we might but cast Lots.

**Jaca.** Oh, does the Distemper lye there; comfort thy self, thou art not the first Man that has complain'd.

**Pedro**, But, *Jacamo*, I think thou hast thy Cares too, tho' of another kind; how does thy Law-suit go forward?

**Jaca.** I have spent one Estate to get another, Neighbour.

**Pedro**, Is that all thou hast got? — Poor *Jacamo*.

*Jaca.*



*Jaca.* All! No, hold there: I have learnt what belongs to Demurr, Appeal, Rehearing?

*Pedro.* What, will these Words fill thy Belly?

*Jaca.* Why? Dost think the Lawyers that have divided my Estate, will suffer me to starve?

*Pedro.* Didst ever hear the *Banditti* took Care of those they spoil'd— But come, if they have left thee any Monny, we'll try if we can forget our Cares with one Quartee of Wine.

*Enter one with Wine in an Earthen Flag, with Earthen Disbes: They sit down.*

*Pedro.* Come *Jacamo*, here's forgetting thy Law-Suit.

*Jaca.* And thy Wife.

*Pedro.* Let's drown 'em both together.

*[They drink, and sing a Drunken Song. Whilst they are drinking, Nell from above throws Water upon their Heads.]*

*Jaca.* Whence comes this Rain? Look there *Pedro*, even thy Wife *Nell*.

*Pedro.* That's no wonder, *Jacamo*; observe it as long as you will, After Thunder comes a Shower. This is nothing to we married Men, *Jacamo*. *[They get up, and shake themselves.]*

*Enter Phara.*

*Pha.* What are ye doing, Friends? Why are ye without the Badges of your Profession?

*Jaca.* An please ye, my Lord, we keep Holy-days.

*Pha.* What Holy-day?

*Pedro.* The Prince's Birth-day.

*Pha.* The Prince's Birth-day, say you.

E're long all may be Holy-daies.

But what has he sent you to feast withal?

Where are your Tables spread, as heretofore?

Have you so soon forgot *Dionysius*?

Then was a time to keep Holy-day indeed,  
 When he gave you some rich riotous Lord  
 To prey upon. But is this a time to  
 Make merry in, when lean-jaw'd Hunger stalks  
 Through all your Streets? When Want creeps in  
 At ev'ry Door? When wretched Parents shut  
 Their Ears to Children's Cries? When *Syracuse*,  
 Like the Family of some poor needy Lord,  
 To maintain some few in Luxury and Ease,  
 Is forc'd to starve all the rest?

*Jaca.* Ay, sad Times, my Lord.

*Pha.* Thou *Jacamo*, hadst a Law-suit; is it ended yet?

*Jaca.* No, my Lord; but it has a most made an end  
 of me.

*Pha.* There's the thing then—How many Courts must  
 A Man run the Gauntlet through, ere he  
 Can attain his Right, whilst every  
 Petty-fogger takes his Lash at him:  
 Process upon Process, Demur upon  
 Demur, Appeal upon Appeal: Here it  
 Advances one Step, there goes back six.  
 Oh the time, when from the Mouth of  
*Diogenes*, each Man acquir'd his own;  
 When the long lazy Gown grown useless, serv'd  
 To harbour nought but Moths and Cobwebs.  
 Thou hast a Wife, *Pedro*.

*Pedro.* How can I help that, my Lord?

*Pha.* Wouldst thou get rid of her?

*Pedro.* Would the Man that's in the Dungeon get out?

*Pha.* Dost think she's true to thee?

*Pedro.* I think she's like other Women.

*Pha.* If she be thine alone, then Fame belies thee: But  
 come, I'll help thee to get loose.

*Pedro.* Will you, my Lord?

*Pha.* Trust me, I will.

*Pedro.* But will you indeed, my Lord?

*Pha.*

*Pha.* Fear not; I tell thee I will do anything.

*Pedro.* But shall not she know it, my Lord?

*Pha.* What if she does?

*Pedro.* Oh, my Lord, there will be no living then.

*Pha.* Trouble not thyself, thy business shall be done, but not the common way: For shouldst thou prove thyself a Cuckold on Record, thou wouldst not get a Divorce——But *Dionysius* shall do it.

*Pedro.* He is not here to do it.

*Pha.* But e're long he will——*Jacamo*, thou too shalt have a good Conclusion of thy Law-suit.

*Jaca.* Shall I, my Lord? Then let him come as soon as he will.

*Pha.* Give me both your Hands——This Day you shall feast with me; e're long we'll see better Times.

*Pedro.* And shall I be divorc'd?

*Pha.* Fear not, thou shalt.

*Jaca.* And for me, my Lord.

*Pha.* Thou shalt have thy Land again. Come, follow me. [Exeunt together.]

SCENE changes.

*Enter Timoleon alone.*

*Time.* Why are we made to govern others?  
When we ourselves are Slaves to each  
Puny Passion——Love, Anger, Hatred;  
Jealousies and Fears assault the  
Outworks, and would fain get Possession,  
Striving to level us with the common Rank.  
But Prince's Minds, like Royal Ports, should  
Bravely bid Defiance; then, tho' Passion storms,  
Reason at length will get the better.

*Enter Lord Alphonso.*

*Time.* What's the matter?

*Alph.* Business of the State, Sir?

*Timo.* Unhappy State of Princes!

We must not have one Hour's Freedom,  
When each private Man is Lord of all his Time.  
What's the business?

*Alph.* *gives him a Paper.* Sir, here's a List of such Men  
as are now in Offices, that are Enemies to your Highness,  
and disaffected to your Government.

*Timo.* How do you know 'em to be such, my Lord?

*Alph.* There's good Reason, Sir, to suspect 'em.

*Timo.* But, my Lord, 'tis not good to make Men our  
Enemies, barely on Suspicion. But what are these Names  
on the other side?

*Alph.* These are such as are well-affected to your High-  
ness, and are fit Persons to succeed the other.

*Timo.* Are you sure of that, my Lord?

*Alph.* I know 'em all perfectly well.

*Timo.* And can you engage for 'em?

*Alph.* For every one of 'em, Sir.

*Timo.* Then, my Lord, I perceive these are the Rogues  
I must turn out, and these are the Rogues I must put in—  
Away, my Lord, I have heard of your Corruption; let  
me see you no more. Hence, I say! [*Flings him the Paper.*

[*Exit Alphonso.*

One Knave must out, another Knave is made;  
Thus roundly on goes the old Cour'ning Trade,  
What eternal Solicitations attend those in Power!  
Empire, like a vast Estate o're-charg'd with Debt,  
Has not wherewith to answer all Demands,  
But what a wretched thing is this call'd Man,  
That thus torments himself, and wracks his Brains,  
To undermine and circumvent his Fellow!  
Beasts feed on Beasts, but yet they spare  
Their own Kind.

Wolves not on Wolves, nor Fox on Foxes prey;  
But Man on Man, a greater Brute than they.

[*Exit.*

SCENE



SCENE changes.

*Enter Jacamo and Pedro drunk, leaning upon one another.*

*Jaca.* I say we go wrong, this must be the way.

*Pedro.* Prithce hold thy Tongue. Do'st think a Drunken Man cannot find his way home?

*Jaca.* This Lord has made us woundy merry.

*Pedro.* Ay, *Jacamo*; but was not that Treason that he talk'd?

*Jaca.* Treason! What have we to do with Treason, Man? Thou art to lose thy Wife, and I my Land again.

*Pedro.* Loose my Wife! my dear *Nelle*! What dost thou say, Man?

*Jaca.* What! Hast thou forgot already? He said, thou should'st be Divorc'd—

*Pedro.* Divorce me from my dear *Nelly*! O Rogue! Dog! Could I come at him, I'd kill him as I would a Conger—

*Jaca.* Why, wouldst thou not have it so, Man?

*Pedro.* Have it so, Man? What, be divorc'd from *Nelle*! O *Jacamo*! thou bring'st Tears into my Eyes: I have the goody'st Wife in the World.

*Jaca.* Thank *Mercury*, I'm not quite so drunk as thou art. Dost remember how she us'd thee this Morning?

*Pedro.* Oh, 'tis all false, *Jacamo*, every Word; she is the goody'st Woman alive: Do not speak ill of her; thou mak'st me weep—

*Jaca.* Well, there's the Door, and get thee in for a Sor.

SCENE changes.

*Enter Celinda and Dimas.*

*Celinda.* This is fine, indeed! What! Dye think we'll lose our Place thus?

*Dim.*

*Dim.* Have a little Patience, *Madam*: There's no Doubt but the Prince, being made sensible of my Lord's high Merit, notwithstanding he is how soe'ers'd by means of some calumnious Tongue, yet this Mist once blown over, my Lord shall shine more bright than ever—

*Celin.* Fiddle, fiddle, what signifies this Talk to me? I'll go to the Prince myself, and tell him as much more.

*Dim.* That, *Madam*, will ruin your whole Design: Pray, have Patience.

*Celin.* Patience, say you! I say I'll go myself. Dye think we'll be serv'd at this instant rate?

*Enter Francisco.*

*Fran.* My Lord is coming this way with Company, and would be private.

*Dim.* Give me leave to wait on you, *Madam*. I doubt not but to give you Satisfaction. [*Ex. Dim. Cel. & Fran.*]

*Enter Lord Alphonso and Pharo.*

*Alph.* My Lord, I take this Visit most kindly, and think myself happy that this Reverse of Fortune has not, like some pestilential Blast, stript me of all my Friends at once.

*Pha.* They are Fortune's abject Slaves, that still worship the Rising Sun; but to the ingenious Mind, believe me, my Lord, the Western Sun is no less glorious.

*Alph.* But when our Sun sets in a Cloud, Men turn away their Eyes, and wait for the next Light's appearing.

*Pha.* True, my Lord; yet still with Reluctancy we cast our Eyes on the Remains of Day, and with melancholly Thoughts think what dim Lights must succeed—We are too sensible, my Lord, of your Merit, not to share in your Sufferings.

*Alph.* Favours from Princes, like those from Heaven,

we are to receive with thankfulness; but must not complain if they be withheld.

*Pha.* That must be, my Lord, when Man's no less just than Heaven; but not to complain, when I am wrong'd, argues a Nature more ally'd to Stupidity than Reason.

*Alpha.* But past Favours do in some measure ballance our present ill Usage.

*Pha.* The last Affront cancels the former Favour: Think, my Lord, a little, Does not this Disgrace, tho' ne'er so unjust, expose you to Publick Oblivion? Does ever the ungrateful Vulgar spare to push him on, who once sets foot on the declining Ground? And, if your Lordship has Enemies, as who has not, is not this a time for them to triumph?

*Alpha.* Is there any other Remedy besides Patience?

*Pha.* Camels and Ases, obsequious to their Masters becks, that stoop to receive heavy Burthens, they are indu'd with Patience, but a nobler Passion inflames the generous Beast's Revenge, my Lord.

*Alpha.* That cannot be, besides 'tis unjust.

*Pha.* Then, my Lord, I leave you to your tame Philosophy; I'm sorry I've said so much. [*Offering to go.*]

*Alpha.* Stay, my Lord, I believe you are my Friend.

*Pha.* Had I been ever your mortal Foe, yet now our common Fates would make us one; I have not forgot, my Lord, my own Disgrace, the neglect of past Services; this, my Lord, sits heavy on my Brow, and sets all my active Faculties on work, to frame some bold Resentment.

*Alpha.* Let me embrace thee, Friend: Now use me as you will; think not I am that tame Beast thou didst describe; no, my Blood is all on fire. Name but the thing that may avenge our Wrongs, and I am ready to join all my Powers with yours.

*Pha.* Soft, my Lord—— Do not you know this Hand-writing? [*Pulls out a Paper.*]

*Alpho.* I have not forgot *Dionysius's* Hand.

*Pha.* This Paper will inform you our Design: But 'tis to Night, my Lord; the thing will bear no delay.

*Alpho.* What's to be done?

*Pha.* A Deed shall make *Syracuse* tremble;  
Shall signalize the Doers,

And recommend us to future Ages;

Restore us to our lost Dignities,

And make our Names more great than ever.

Nay, do not shake, my Lord;

The Priest already has approv'd the Act,

And hallow'd the Undertakers.

*Alpho.* I am confirm'd, let the Resolution be what it will.

*Pha.* No more, my Lord: let me entreat your Presence two Hours hence, at my House; there our last Resolutions must be had; our Agents are all ready, and nothing remains, but execution.

*Alpho.* My Lord, I shall not fail.

*Pha.* Till then farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE changes.

*Enter Jacamo and Pedro, dress'd in Buff.*

*Pedro.* Prithee, *Jacamo*, which of us is the chief Officer; I cannot see by our Dress?

*Jaca.* But sure thou'rt not dispute that: Would'st thou, that art Hen-peck'd at home, pretend to command abroad?

*Pedro.* Why, can'st thou pretend to govern others, that hast been a Property to so many thyself?

*Jaca.* No matter for that: now's my time to be reveng'd, I'll kill every Lawyer I meet, from the Judge upon the Bench, to the Attorney's Clerk, with his green Budget.

*Pedro.* I cannot thus yield; that thou should'st be Captain; for who knows whether or no he's valiant, till he has try'd?

*Jaca.*



*Jaca.* They say, indeed, there are a sort of Men, that are stout abroad, tho' they are Sheep-biters at home; but, *Pedro*, if thou beest valiant, prithee be my Lieutenant; for 'tis fit we raw Captains shou'd be well Officer'd.

*Pedro.* But, prithee, where be our Soldiers?

*Jaca.* I here 'em coming. [*A Noise within.*] I must prepare myself to make 'em a Speech.

*Enter Mob, hallowing.*

*Jaca.* Neighbours, Fellow-Citizens, Soldiers and Country-men, behold here your Captain and his Lieutenant, whose Commands you are to obey.— When we lead you to a great Man's House, and bid you fall on; then all that you find is your own.— But before you kill the right Owners, else you'll be for ever plagu'd with Law-suits.

*Mob, Huzzah, Lead us on.*

*Jaca.* Hold! hold! not so hasty, good Country-men, all's not ready yet.— Two Hours hence expect us in this place; in the mean-time get as many more as you can of our Friends together; you need not stand upon Matching your Companies, for Size, Clothes, Arms, or the like; Rags, or Naked, list all that come. Now leave us, and meet us here at the time appointed. [*Exeunt Mob, hallowing.*]

*Jaca.* What dost thou think, *Pedro*, am not I fit to be a Captain?

*Pedro.* Where didst learn to prate to confident?

*Jaca.* I learn'd it of my Solicitor; 'tis all I ever got for my Money.— But come, thee and I must consider in private what's best to be done. [*Exeunt together.*]

SCENE changes

*Enter Leonora, follow'd by Charrion.*

*Leon.* A Message from my Father, say you? let him come in.

*Enter Pharax.*

*Pha.* Hail, Royal Princess: If Heaven's Deputies,  
Like Heav'n itself, allow Repentance;  
If good Offices may, in some degree,  
Cancel ill ones, then, Madam, may the most  
Penitent, tho' unfortunate *Pharax*,  
Have hopes to be again restor'd to favour.

*Leon.* Is this all your Business, my Lord?

*Pha.* No, Madam, vouchsafe a gentle Ear;  
And you shall learn, this forfeit Life you gave,  
Has been e're since employ'd in such Noble Works,  
As Loyalty and Gratitude inspire.  
But, first, be pleas'd— Read that— 'Tis from the great  
*Dionysus*. [*Gives her a Letter.*

*Leonara reads.*

*This you will receive from Pharax— of whose Loyalty I  
am now fully satisfied: Therefore our Pleasure is, you go-  
vern yourself as he shall direct. The rest you may learn from  
him. Let your Duty be shown by your Obedience. Farewel.*

*Leon.* But that I am assur'd it is my Father's Hand,  
Else, by the Style, I should suspect it Forgery.  
But pray, my Lord, what am I farther to know?

*Pha.* Then know, brightest Princess, that e're the Sun  
His Diurnal Course has once run o're agen,  
You shall behold your Royal Father seated  
On his Throne.

*Leon.* My Lord, you amaze me.

*Pha.* Wonder not, Madam, great Deeds must be  
Conceal'd, till time of Execution  
Does arrive— But, Madam, this may be a  
Troublesome Night, therefore let me entreat  
You to take Sanctuary in my House.

*Leon.* Can I be safer than in the Prince's Palace?

*Pha.*

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*Pha.* The Tragick Scene must open here, nor shall  
It shut, till all your Father's Enemies  
Are no more——

*Leon.* I fear, my Lord, your Design is bloody.

*Pha.* When the Disease is grown desperate, we must discharge a little Blood, to save the Patient—— But trouble not yourself, Madam, tho' the Night be rough and stormy, a fairer Day will succeed. In the mean time, give me leave to conduct you where you may be secure.

*Leon.* I find I am commanded to trust myself to your care; but, should we be seen together, my Lord, it may cause suspicion; therefore 'twill be best you first withdraw and leave some Person behind that may conduct me.

*Pha.* It shall be done, as you have said; but, pray Madam, do not delay, for time draws nigh. [Exit.]

*Leonora alone.*

He says the Scene must open here; that is,  
*Timoleon* must die; else how can *Dionysius*  
Resume his Power again—— Yet, let me see,  
*Dionysius*—— He's my Father: There Duty pleads.  
But shall I behold so black a Deed, at  
Which all the purer Lights must shut their Eyes,  
And suspend their Illumination?——  
Yet 'tis my Father's Will; who, as a Prince  
And Parent, commands a double Duty.  
But can I suffer him to die, to whom  
My Preservation I do owe?  
Who, like some pitying Deity,  
Does still bemoan my Sorrows.  
Gods! why was I made the Mark of Fortune;  
Subject to all her Malignant Bolts and Arrows.  
If there be any gentle Pow'r above,  
That does commiserate my unhappy  
State—— Now some kind assistance to me send,  
Shall I restore my Father, or preserve my Friend? [Exit.]

SCENE



## SCENE changes to Pharaoh's House.

*Enter Pharaoh, follow'd by a Servant.**Pha.* How goes the Night?*Serv.* It wants an Hour of Midnight.*Pha.* Go wait at Door, and see none enter, but those whose Names I have given you. *(Exit Servant.)*

The time of Execution comes on apace;  
 Methinks I hear already Matrons Cries,  
 Virgins Shrieks, seeming unwilling to  
 Comply with the rough Soldiers Courtship;  
 Husbands torn from their Wives Embraces.  
 Take an everlasting Farewel—

The Senator too, pluckt from his Harlots Bed,  
 Lies down in another Sepulchre.

Most triumphant Mischiefe shall reign anon;  
 When *Leonora* comes, not Fate herself  
 Shall pluck her from me.

As for this *Dionysius*, he's but my Scalking-horse;  
 When I get Possession of the Palace, I'll  
 Tell 'em who is Prince.

*Enter Lord Alphonsio and Dimas.**My Lord, you are welcome.**Alph.* I fear, my Lord, I have trespass'd on your patience.*Pha.* All is well, my Lord, — But a word with you  
 what d'ye design to do with this Fellow?*Alph.* He's my Friend, my Lord, — and honest.

*Pha.* Your Favourite, you mean, a meer Trencher-fly;  
 fit only to buz in the Sun-shine of Prosperity. Such Men,  
 my Lord, are not for our purpose.

*Alpho.* I believe the Man is valiant.

*Pha.* Say ye so; I'll try him. A Word with you, Sir:  
 D'ye think you could kill half a dozen Senators?

*Dim.* How, my Lord, half a dozen Senators?*Pha.* Ay, Sir, half a dozen Senators, one after another.*Dim.*



*Dim.* Indeed, my Lord, I wear a peaceable Sword, that serves more for Ornament than Use.

*Pha.* Here, I'll give thee mine. [*Draws his own Sword, and gives it Demias.*] This Sword, with a little force, will make his own way.

*Dim.* I am unwilling to rob your Lordship.

*Pha.* I have another Twin-Brother of his: [*Demias shakes and lets the Sword fall.*] Here, take it once again; hold it fast. Now, my Lord, let's sit, and you, Sir, who are one of the Council. [*They sit.*]

*Dim.* Would I were well out of the Council. [*Aside.*]

*Pha.* My Lord, that you may see we do not build a weighty Enterprize on a weak Foundation, this is the Model of our Design, Three Thousand *Carthaginians*, well arm'd, we have conceal'd in *Syracuse*; these I am to head myself, and take possession of the Palace— We have gain'd two of *Timoleon's* Domesticles this Night to dispatch him— That is to be the Watch-word for Action— We have likewise gain'd a great Number of the Commonalty, who, out of hopes of Plunder, stand ready to execute our Orders; with these your Lordship may do well to unite yourself, with your Followers, whose Presence will add new Life and Vigour to their Undertakings.

*Alpho.* *Demias*, you must follow me.

*Dim.* Who, I, my Lord?

*Alpho.* Ay, you: Dost thou shun any Danger in which I am engag'd?

*Dim.* No, my Lord; but, perhaps, your Lordship may think of some other capacity in which I may better serve you.

*Pha.* This Fellow has less *Courage* than a *Passive-Obedience* Priest; but I must find a way to dispose of him. [*Aside.*] Now, my Lord, to proceed. When we have taken possession of the Palace, we must proclaim Liberty; for that's a Word will serve for any occasion: Then, our Men being

ing let loose, we must expect to see those Disorders, which the various Transmutations of State are liable too.

*Alpho.* But where is *Dionysius*?

*Pha.* We expect every moment to hear of his arrival; but here's a List of those that must withdraw, to make room for his appearing.

*Alpho.* Please to read 'em, my Lord.

*Pha.* [*Reads.*] *Timoleon*, first of all.

*Alpho.* Agreed.

*Pha.* All Officers of the State, that bear Civil Employments.

*Alpho.* Good.

*Pha.* All the wealthy part of the Nobility.

*Alpho.* Good, agen.

*Pha.* The whole Senate.

*Alpho.* How, my Lord, the whole Senate?

*Pha.* Yes, my Lord, the whole Senate, I say.

*Alpho.* What Friends, as well as Foes?

*Pha.* Is this a time for distinction? Talk not, my Lord, of Friends; if they are Friends, how came they there?

*Alpho.* Our Design, my Lord, will appear too bloody, to sacrifice both Friends and Foes.

*Dim.* Oh! —

*Pha.* I find, my Lord, you want a little flushing here. *Demi*, give me back my Sword; I see thou carest not to make use of it. Now, dost thou see, if thou would'st kill a Senator, this is the way. [*Stabs him several times.*]

*Dim.* Oh help, help; Treason! Traitors, Rogues, Villains; I am kill'd! [*Dies.*]

*Alpho.* What have you done, my Lord?

*Pha.* Only sent away your Fool, whose Cowardize else must have ruin'd us: But come, my Lord, draw your Sword, this is but the Prologue to the Scene of Blood. Heark! I hear knocking; that's the Signal: Come on, my Lord; now to our several Posts, think no more on this.

He

The REVOLUTION.

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He that would great and wond'rous Actions do,  
Must banish Pity, and Compassion too.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Timoleon and Leonora.

*Timo.* **W**HEN Ages unborn, your generous Acts  
Shall read, such Honours they shall pay,  
As now are wanting on my part to give;  
Vertue can never withdraw herself so far, but  
Worth, like yours, must still look bright and lovely.

*Leon.* I fear, my Lord, you are not yet secure.

*Timo.* *Pharax* and *Alphonso* are both seiz'd; some  
Of their Accomplices have confess'd the  
Whole Design— Let none henceforth expect  
To find Honour or Gratitude in a forgiven  
Traitor— But, oh Madam! tho' one Evil's  
Past, another does remain. What greater  
Pain can be, than Bounties to receive,  
When the Bestower accepts no Returns?

*Leon.* To me, my Lord, there no Returns are due:  
If I have sav'd your Life,  
Pye but discharg'd a Debt I ow'd for mine.

*Timo.* Why did you save a Life, unless  
You'll suffer it to live for you?

'Tis much more kind to doom a speedy Death,  
Than to prolong a tedious painful Breath.

*Leon.* Think not, my Lord, but I am still the same.  
Heav'n has now found a way to set me free,  
For what I ow'd for Life and Liberty.

*Timo.* I must confess your Debt is over-paid,  
Since on myself a greater Bond is laid,

If what you have preserv'd, you'd thoroughly save;  
O give me more, or take back what ye've gave.

*Leon.* I've not forgot to whom my Being I  
Do owe; and tho' by vile and treacherous  
Means, I cannot serve him, yet give me leave  
To think, he is my Father still, and you  
His Enemy——

How would Posterity my Mem'ry blame,  
If I to Love should sacrifice my Fame?  
Give o're, my Lord, so fruitless a Pretence,  
Where all the Fates conspire to make Defence.

*Timo.* Fame to your Memory will then be kind,  
If whom you save, may your Compassion find;  
But if your Hate, your Coldness or Disdain,  
Shall him you rescue, make to live in pain,  
Posterity to you can ne'r be just,  
Whilst he with your Unkindness is accurst.

*Leon.* Indeed, my Lord, you poorly use your Skill,  
Thus to subdue a weak frail Woman's Will;  
But think not, Sir, that you shall find  
I do possess a Woman's Mind;  
My first Resolves I firmly still approve,  
And as I must not, so I will not love;  
But lest my Thoughts to warring should give way,  
I will no longer with my Tempter stay. [Exit.

*Timo.* Tho' she allows not of my constant Fire,  
Yet I her rigid Vertue must admire,  
Whose Coldness adds new Heat to my Desire.  
Monarchs, of all Men, are least bless'd in Love,  
Either the Publick Choice they must approve,  
Or, if a Subject's Freedom they enjoy,  
Some envious Planet does their hopes destroy. [Exit.

*Enter Officers with Pharax and Alphonso, a Noise following.*

*Phs.* Courage, my Lord, our Friends come on, we shall  
be rescu'd. Enter



*Enter Jacamo and Pedro with the Mob; they rescue Pharaoh and Alphonso from the Officers.*

*1st Officer.* What mean you by this Violence, Gentlemen?

*Jaca.* O, 'tis well you know our Titles: But what are you?

*2d Off.* We are Officers of the State.

*Jaca.* And what are you going to do with these Noble Persons?

*Pha.* D'ye hear that, my Lord?

*1 Off.* Noble Persons, d'ye call 'em? they are Traitors; they were found plotting against the State, and we are carrying them before the Prince, to have Justice done.

*Jaca.* Dost thou think, that the great Justiciary of the Nation will not do Justice? But hark ye, Friend, wou't thou present our Love to the Prince, and tell him we are too well acquainted with his Clemency, to trust these Rogues to his Mercy; but if thou wou't stay one Minute, thou sha't carry him word likewise, that thou hast seen Justice done— Hear you, Lord Pharaoh and Alphonso, What have ye to say, that Sentence should not pass on you?

*Pha.* What dost thou mean, *Jacamo*; sure thou dost not intend to betray thy Friend?

*Jaca.* No; not unless my Friend intends to betray me. Where are my Lands you promis'd?

*Pedro.* And where's my Divorce?

*Pha.* Come, follow me; I'll lead thee where thee sha't find thy Land: Ye shall be all satisfied.

*Jaca.* Hold, hold, my Lord, not so fast; I've found out a way worth two of that: We know the way to your Lordship's House without a Guide; and to your's too, my Lord— Come, my Fellow-Citizens, you see these Traitors have nothing to say for themselves; therefore do you first civilly divide their Limbs and then their Money.

*Pha. and Alpo. together.* Here us but speak.

*Jaca.* Away with 'em; tear 'em to pieces.

*(The Mob hurry 'em off the Stage and cry, Tear 'em, tear 'em.*

## SCENE changes to a Mountain.

*Enter Melantius, habited like a Shepherd.*

*Melan.* How fondly does Man pursue imaginary Pleasures; which, like Evening Shadows, Seem greatest, when just vanishing away? How does he trace after false Joys, That perish ere they can be found? Would he but cast his Eyes within himself; Consider well those Noble Powers, That bounteous Nature has bestow'd on him; From thence some solid Comfort might be drawn: But Fools, as we are, seeking Delights abroad, Whilst they may be had more easily at home. Thus, like unfortunate Traders, We compass the Globe, harass our Bodies, Perplex our Minds, and, after long Toil and Peril, making up our Sad Accounts, We find ourselves poorer than when we first set out.

*Enter Philander.*

*Phil.* Is not that *Melantius*?

*Melan.* The same; do you not know me?

*Phil.* Indeed you are so chang'd, that I can scarce give credit to what I see.

*Melan.* Am I then so chang'd, as not to be known? No matter; the less I'm known, the more I trust to know myself.

*Phil.* But, pray, why this alteration?

*Melan.* I tell thee, if I am chang'd from myself, the change is for the better, for I'm now more myself than ever.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* But why do you thus sequester yourself from the World, and not rather seek to reform it?

*Melan.* When the Contagion has spread itself so far, that there is more Danger of taking Infection, than working a Cure, 'tis Prudence to withdraw.

*Phil.* But 'tis to be hoped the World's not altogether so bad.

*Melan.* Can'st thou doubt it? Do'st thou not see how Falshood has taken place among all Societies of Men; Nay, even their common Ceremonies and Civilities are full of Falshood — One meets me in the Street, bows low, says, *He's my Humble Servant*. Another takes me by the Hand, squeezes it, and says, *He's glad to see me well*. The Knave lies; for were I starving in Jail, the best I could expect from that Fellow must be some ill-natur'd Jest.

*Phil.* What Enjoyment can you have alone? Have you any Books?

*Melan.* I have no need of any — Look upon this great Book of Nature, this mighty Volume of the Universe — Had I old *Nestor's* Years to live, I ne'r could turn o'er it's Leaves — What is there that delights the Senses, but what I here enjoy? Would I feast my Eyes with Beauty? Look with what various Colours the Earth's adorn'd: The Court shews none so natural and innocent as these.

*Phil.* And do you still resolve to live thus?

*Melan.* Whilst I live, this shall be my Place. As soon may Nature change her Course; nay, as soon may a Courtier keep his Word when it serves not his turn, as I'll forego my Resolution.

*Phil.* But pray think a little, the World may mend.

*Melan.* When it does, then send me Word — But I'll be no longer cheated with that Expectation — Like the Fool, I have thus long stood gazing on the River's Bank, expecting when its Stream should glide away, and leave the Channel dry — Alas! Corruption, like a never-failing Spring

Spring, still supplies the place of what is gone before—

*Phil.* Has Virtue then quite forsaken us?

*Melan.* Come to this Rising Ground, and I'll shew thee a Prospect of *Syracuse*, and her worthy Inhabitants. Seest thou that City, whose golden Spires o'retop the Clouds, and dazle the Sun with Lustre?

*Phil.* I see it; what then?

*Melan.* Then look through this Perspective, and thou shalt behold the lesser Bodies: Cast thine Eye towards the Palace, see what Shoals of People ply there, like Creditors about a rich Banker's Shop, that has no Protection to secure him.

*Phil.* Sure your Eyes deceive you; I see nothing.

*Melan.* How, nothing! Look agen, Seest thou not that fow'r-faced Fellow in a short Cloak?

*Phil.* Why, what of him?

*Melan.* That Fellow has swallow'd down more of the Publick's Mony, than would bribe twelve Judges, and corrupt as many Juries—But rather than the State should sink, for Five and Twenty in the Hundred they may have their own agen—But bid him prepare to Disgorge.

*Phil.* Your Words favour of Distraction; sure all is not right with you.

*Melan.* Thou art either blind, or a Fool thyself—But look agen, there's another Fellow with a formal set Countenance, and affected Gravity, exclaiming against Bribery and Extortion, wanting only an Opportunity to shew his own.

*Phil.* But what of him?

*Melan.* Bid him content himself, for he's like to be a Knave only in Speculation—But look again now towards the Temple, there's a Priest entring, that's going to pray for one Prince in his Mouth, and another in his Heart.

*Phil.* Well, what shall we do with him?

*Melan.* Believe nothing that he says. But here, look once more, and I have done: Now to the Theatre; Dost thou



then not see a gay Pop there, that's nuzzling his Head under a Woman's Mask; that values more the Smiles of a Harlot, than he does the Favour of Heaven; that dreads nothing but Poverty, and yet is impatient till he has spent every Drachma.

*Phil.* What of him?

*Melan.* Go bid him take his Choice.

*Phil.* Choice of what?

*Melan.* Either to cry Brooms or Turnips; for that must be his Fate ere long—But I have done. Now I will shew thee an honest Man indeed; and you will wonder to hear, that what I despair'd of finding in *Syracuse*, I should meet with on these Mountains.

*Phil.* Where is he?

*Melan.* He is close by, and well worth your seeing—And could Men discern the inside as well as they could the out, he would be look'd on as a Miracle. I'll call him; he has but few Words, and fewer Compliments, which you must excuse; for he was never bred at Court.—Here, *Phorbus*.

*Enter Phorbus.*

*Phil.* This looks like such another Man as yourself.

*Melan.* You are mistaken, he's much the honestest Man of the two.

*Phil.* What are you, Friend?

*Phorb.* A Shepherd.

*Melan.* You may ask him, if you think fit, what's a Clock, and he'll tell you without giving him Money—But now I think on't, I'll see whether or no he knows Money—Hast any in thy Pocket? For Money and I have shaken Hands, with Resolution never to meet agen.

*Phil.* There's Silver and Gold both.

*Melan.* Here, *Phorbus*; see what that is.

[*Phorbus* takes a Flint out of his Pocket, and endeavours to strike Fire with the Money; then gives it back to *Melan*, and says, "I will not do

*Melan*

# TIMOLEON.

*Melan.* Dost thou see? He knows no other use of Metals, than to strike Fire? Had he been acquainted with Money, he and I had never been Friends. Here, take it again; it has created more Enemies than ever it was reconcil'd—Well, *Phorbus*, go in; by and by we'll dine.

*Phil.* Dine—Pray, what have you to eat?

*Melan.* Choice Roots and Fruits, excellent Water, besides the Tributes which our Flocks most willingly do pay—No Beast does ever bleed to serve our Appetites, nor do we make Nature groan to satisfy our Luxury.

*Phil.* And this Fellow provides your Diet.

*Melan.* We each provide by turns, and take an alternative Command o're the Flocks—But wouldst thou believe it? This Fellow knows nothing of *Dionysius's* Tyranny, nor scarce ever heard there was such a Man.

*Phil.* A happy State I envy him.

*Melan.* Come, thou shalt in, and Dine with us. [Exit.]

## SCENE changes to Timoleon's Palace.

*Enter Timoleon, follow'd by Andromachus and Himenes.*

*Timo.* Cease, cease, your vain Perswasions;  
As soon may you move *Olympus*,  
As shake my steady Purpose:  
Your Foreign and Domestick Foes are all subdued,  
You have now no Enemies to conquer,  
But what you keep alive within your Breasts,  
And those you must overcome yourselves.  
Root out your Avarice, Discontent and Ambition,  
And then you need not dread another Foe.

*Andr.* But fearing that may be a Task too hard,  
We hope your Highness will still vouchsafe to rule us.

*Timo.* *Theseus*, nor *Hercules*, who Monsters tam'd,  
Could yet subdue the Monster that's in Man.

I have fought your Battles, and have set you  
Free; and having now done all I can to make  
Ye happy——The Power you gave, I here  
Give back agen.

*Ism.* We humbly beseech your Highness.

*Timo.* Sure none that have from Slavery been freed,  
E're courted Bondage like to you——Have you  
Forgot *Calippus* the *Athenian*,  
To whom you gave Power to depose  
Tyrants——He then oppress'd you more  
Than all the Tyrants that had rul'd before.

*Andro.* But your just Rule has left us no such Ground  
For Fear.

*Timo.* Be not too confident, we hardly know  
Ourselves. How then can others find our Frame?  
Each Year our Bodies change, and who can tell,  
But that our Minds may alter too——The Snake,  
That all the Winter lies folded to rest,  
Close in some hollow Cave; whilst Snows  
O'respread the Hills, and Frosts bind up the Lakes,  
Does, when the Spring's Warmth and chearing Ray,  
Call from his Cave, the awaken'd Beast leaves off  
His old Robe, and puts on a new; then cloath'd  
With gay Pride, with high erected Crest,  
He bounds along, hisses, and spreads his Venom as he goes.  
And who can tell but that the Sun-beams of  
Bewitching Power may bring forth a Monster  
That now lies conceal'd: Therefore, I say, whilst  
My Mind is thus found and untainted, I'll  
Divest myself of Power, of doing Ill,  
I tell you then again, I'll rule no more.

*Ism.* What does your Highness command us to do?

*Timo.* Assemble all the People, that they may be pre-  
sent, whilst I make publick Resignation!

*Enter* *Andro.* & *Ismenes.*

*Enter Leonora and Charmion.*

*Tim.* ———— O my Madam! ————  
When you know what I am about to do,  
You will not say 'twas Ambition  
Brought me hither ———— Had I coveted  
Your Father's Crown, I might have worn  
It long, enjoy'd it here without  
A Rival; but since 'tis in my  
Power to wear it ———— I rather chuse  
To lay it down.

*Leon.* Is it so painful then to wear a Crown?

*Tim.* What Pleasure can be had in Power, when Love,  
The brightest Jewel's wanting? ———— 'Tis that must be  
The Balm to Relieve, and sweeten the Labours  
We daily undergo: 'Tis that which keeps  
Whole Nature in his Course, maintains  
That Harmonious Order which we see  
In things above, makes each Planet move, each  
Star to know his proper Station ———— And if it  
Be wanting in this little Spot below,  
All is Chaos, and to Confusion hurld.

*Leon.* 'Tis easier to complain of Power,  
Than, when possess'd, to lay it down;  
With far less Pain a Crown of Thorns you'll wear,  
Than from your Brow the conqu'ring Laurel tear.

*Tim.* For you alone those Laurels Have worn,  
That I might see you fixed in that Throne  
From which your Father fell,  
But since my Love and Service you disdain,  
Without your Love as much I loath to Reign. *[Exit.]*

*Moment Leonora & Charmion.*

*Leon.* Go, call him back. Why did I let him go,  
To bring so hard a Task upon myself?  
Why did I not suffer him to tell his Love,

And



And then have say'd a Virgin's Blushes?  
Go, I say——With what a superstitious Care [Ex. Cha.]  
We thus torment ourselves, and others too?  
Seeming to fight what most we wish to have;  
Stifling a Fire, as Winds press down the Flame,  
That makes it rise with greater Force again.  
I know the Gods have now Decreed him mine;  
Last Night, when Silence reign'd through all the House,  
And Sleep had seiz'd on every Wretch but me,  
Methought I saw my Mother's Ghost appear;  
Seiz'd with the Fright, she bad me not to fear  
For to that Prince I now must wedded be,  
Who should lay down a Crown for sake of me.

Re-enter Timoleon.

My Lord, you may remember not long since  
You made me promise you I'd live; I hope  
You'll now release me from my Word.

Tim. Your Safety is all the remaining Care  
I have; and e're I lay down my Pow'r,  
I'll first provide that you shall take it up.

Leon. If Pow'r was that I sought, I could have been  
Content to have shar'd the same with you: But know,  
My Lord, Greatness is not the Center of  
My Desire: Alas! I have seen too much  
Of that already——If I'd Peace pursue,  
Pd choose the Way that's most remote from Court.

Tim. Then suffer me to lead you on that way;  
I'll safe conduct you where no Hills do grow,  
Nor dreadful Precipice offend your Sight;  
But to a smooth delightful Vale,  
Where real Pleasures in abundance flow,  
And pale-fac'd Grief no place does ever know:  
There you shall taste the true Delights of Life,  
Enjoy the Pleasure still, and never know the Strife.

*Leon.* Was't not enough my Father you became;  
But you must triumph o'er distressed me? *W.*  
I find in vain I strive to keep the Field;  
Since all at length to your conquering Arms must yield;  
But still some Doubts remain; for I much fear,  
You'll think my Father's Crimes in me appear.

*Tim.* ———— On Doubt not;  
Two such different Natures Heaven ne'er made;  
His, ever turbulent and rough; yours,  
Calm as the Ocean, whilst the Nation Brood  
Get vital Warmth upon the gentle Flood.

*Leon.* So you'll not lend me to another Court,  
I to your Conduct thus commit myself;  
And when I tell you how I Crown's refus'd,  
You'll not suspect but that my Passion's true;  
I yielding not for Power, but Love of you.

*Tim.* kneeling. ] Thus humbly I receive the mighty  
Charge,

And if in ought I swerve from Love's great Laws,  
May all your Father'sills be doubly heap'd on me.  
*Rising.* ] Be gone, thou vain fantastick thing call'd Power,  
Thou most enslave'st those who possess thee most;  
Love seizes thy Scepter, and disowns thy Sway,  
And will no Empire but her own obey;  
Sure our two Souls long since were pair'd above,  
Our Minds are rul'd by one resistless Fate,  
The Object is the same we both love and hate;  
Let's now no longer think on what is past,  
Nor in sad Thoughts our precious Minutes waste;  
But, like the Sea-man that has long been toss'd  
With Winds and Waves, his shatter'd Bark nigh lost,  
At length arriving at his wish'd-for Shore,  
Forgets the Dangers he had pass'd before:  
So let's in mutual Joys our Sorrows drown,  
Bury what's past, and banish what's to come.

[*Exeunt together.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Dance of Shepherds and Shepher-  
esses. *WHILE they dance, Melantius and Philander en-  
ter.*

*Melan.* This is the Shepherds Holiday; and thus, in  
harmless Sports, they spend their time.

*Phil.* You must accept me for one of your Company; I  
find I cannot leave ye.

*Melan.* Here infant Nature shews herself as first;  
Ere Man had sinn'd, or ere the World was curst,  
No anxious Thoughts, or biting Cares perplex  
Our Minds—

Nor civil Broils our quiet Spirits vex;  
No restless Heir lives at continual Strife,  
Ere his old Sire has spun his wretched Life;  
No Orphans Cries here wound the guilty Ear,  
No Vengeance thunders at th' Extortioner;  
No Court-attendant, that Preferment sues,  
Does here lament the Courtiers broken Vows:  
Ambition too, that still deceives the great,  
Finds not a place in this our smooth retreat.  
Freed from the Cares of Wealth, and Storms of Praise,  
In gentle Calms, we'll spend our peaceful Days.

*Exit together.*

SCENE changes.

*Enter Andromachus and Ismenes.*

*Ism.* Will the Prince keep his Resolution?

*Andro.* We can prevail with him no farther, than to  
live with us as a private person, and to assist us as occa-  
sion shall require.

*Ism.* Sure he is the first that ever parted with Power,  
when he had got so full a possession of it.

*Andro.* And, 'tis like, will be the last; he has led an  
Example that will meet with but few Followers.

*Ism.*

*Ism.* But cannot you tell what has urg'd him to it?

*Andro.* I know not how far his Love to *Dianthus's* Daughter, to whom he is now married, may have prevail'd; but, I believe, next to his Natural Love of Liberty, the Corruption of some of his Ministers, has made him weary of Governing.

*Ism.* But why has he not chang'd those Corrupt Ministers?

*Andro.* You know he has done it oft, but to what purpose? For he that succeeds in the Office, takes as likewise the Corruption.

*Ism.* But how are we now like to be govern'd?

*Andro.* Deputies are already arriv'd from *Corinth*, and are now in Council with *Timoleon*, to establish a new Government: But see, the People, come together, let's to the Palace. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Jacamo and the Mob, bawling.*

*Jaca.* Hold, hold, good Neighbours; let's have some other Government, besides Noise. Silence, I pray—Pray who can tell what is the Business that has brought you all together?

*1<sup>st</sup> Citizen.* They say our Prince will govern no longer, and we must now chuse a new one.

*2<sup>d</sup> Citizen.* Nay, hold there, good Neighbour; if our old Prince will not govern us, why should we be govern'd by any other? Therefore, I say, if he will leave us, let us see whether or no we cannot govern ourselves.

*Jaca.* Hark ye, Friend, I find thou art but a Mountebank of the Body-politick; dost thou know what belongs to Government?

*2<sup>d</sup> Citizen.* Yes, Friend, I think I do: For, look you here, in Government there be two sorts of People, there be those that govern, and then there be those that are governed; now the governed, being always more in number than the governing, 'tis fit they should have their share as well as the other: Therefore, I say, we will all be Governors.

*Jaca.*



*Jaco.* Peace, peace, good Neighbours; pray here me a little, 'tis fit this Matter be calmly debated: If you be all Governors, pray who d'ye design to govern, for 'tis very fit Princes should have some Subjects.

*1<sup>st</sup> Cit.* Ay, that's true?

*2<sup>d</sup> Cit.* Then we'll all govern by turns.

*Jaco.* Ay, but who'll govern first?

*Omnes.* I, I, I.

*Jaco.* I thought as much; you'll never come to a Resolution in this Matter; therefore, I say, you must leave it to wiser Heads. Come, follow me to the Palace.

[*Exeunt halloving.*]

SCENE *draws, and discovers* Timoleon and Leonora sitting in State, with Attendants, &c.

*Tim.* Hear, ye Sicilians, you whole free-born Minds  
Disdain the Yoke of Slavery to bear;  
Heav'n has restor'd you what Heav'n gives  
To all, till proud imperious Man invades  
His Fellows Right, couzening or robbing him  
Of what the Gods so freely do bestow;  
Henceforth both Nobles and Plebeians too,  
Shall each a just share of Government partake;  
The Rich no longer shall the Poor oppress,  
Whil'st Justice flows with an uninterrupted Stream;  
But let not Pride or Avarice destroy  
The Freedom you have sought, and now enjoy;  
And if with Bondage you'd not be oppress'd,  
Let not one Man grow greater than the rest.  
And you, just Gods, that guard this frail life,  
Still be you pleas'd, and on this People smile;  
Keep and defend them, that no lawless Might  
May rob or spoil them of their Native-right,  
Whil'st we from Pow'r and Government remove,  
Quitting all Empires for the Throne of Love.

*Omnes.* Huzzah!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPI-

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...the fact that the ...

# EPICLO

THE CANAL DEFENSE AND DEMOLITION PROJECT

**When Time Changes**

...and the ... ..

For all they have done for me, I will do for them.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

Continued on page 10

**The Best Buy for your business** is the one that gives you the most for the least. The Best Buy for your business is the one that gives you the most for the least. The Best Buy for your business is the one that gives you the most for the least.

...the ... of ...

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